

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

August, 1928

Winnipeg, Canada

10c a Copy



TAKAKAW FALLS, YOHO VALLEY

Frances Hathaway - F. Mortimer Batten - Laura G. Salverson - Marion Wathen Fox
E. G. Bayne - Katherine Caldwell - Bonnycastle Dale - J. T. Thorson - Francis Dickie



His first love

Mother—radiant and youthful, with the charm of that school-girl complexion. This simple daily rule is known to thousands:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

WHAT mother's heart but quickens at her small son's adoration? What, in life, is sweeter than those worshipful eyes that follow every move and hang on every word?

Keep that devotion, mother! Hold that love. Always be, to him, the beautiful princess of fairy book delight. And above all else, keep youth, keep beauty as your most priceless asset.

That schoolgirl complexion is synonymous to natural charm, today. And thousands of women, in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, are holding their youth through the thirties, into the forties and beyond . . .

This daily rule in skin care that countless thousands know

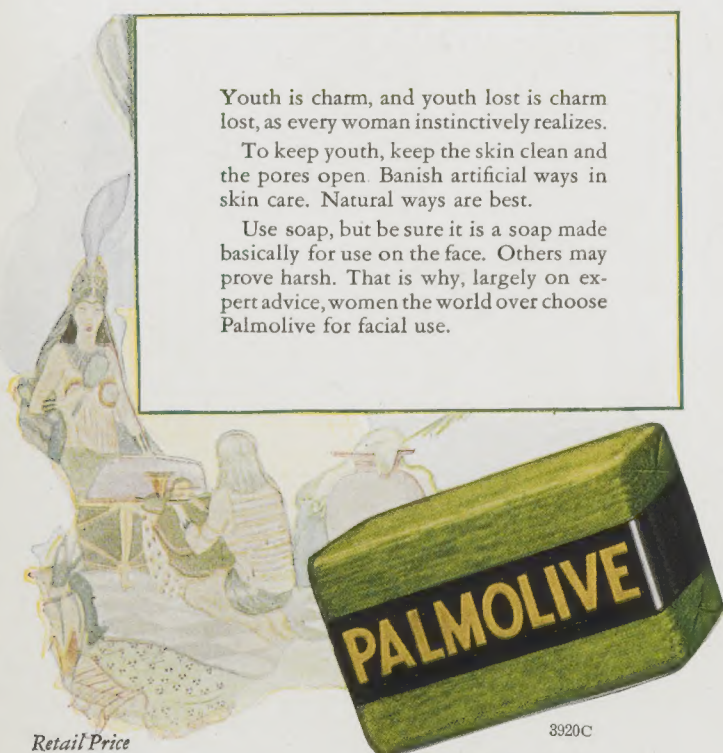
Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only* and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today—then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

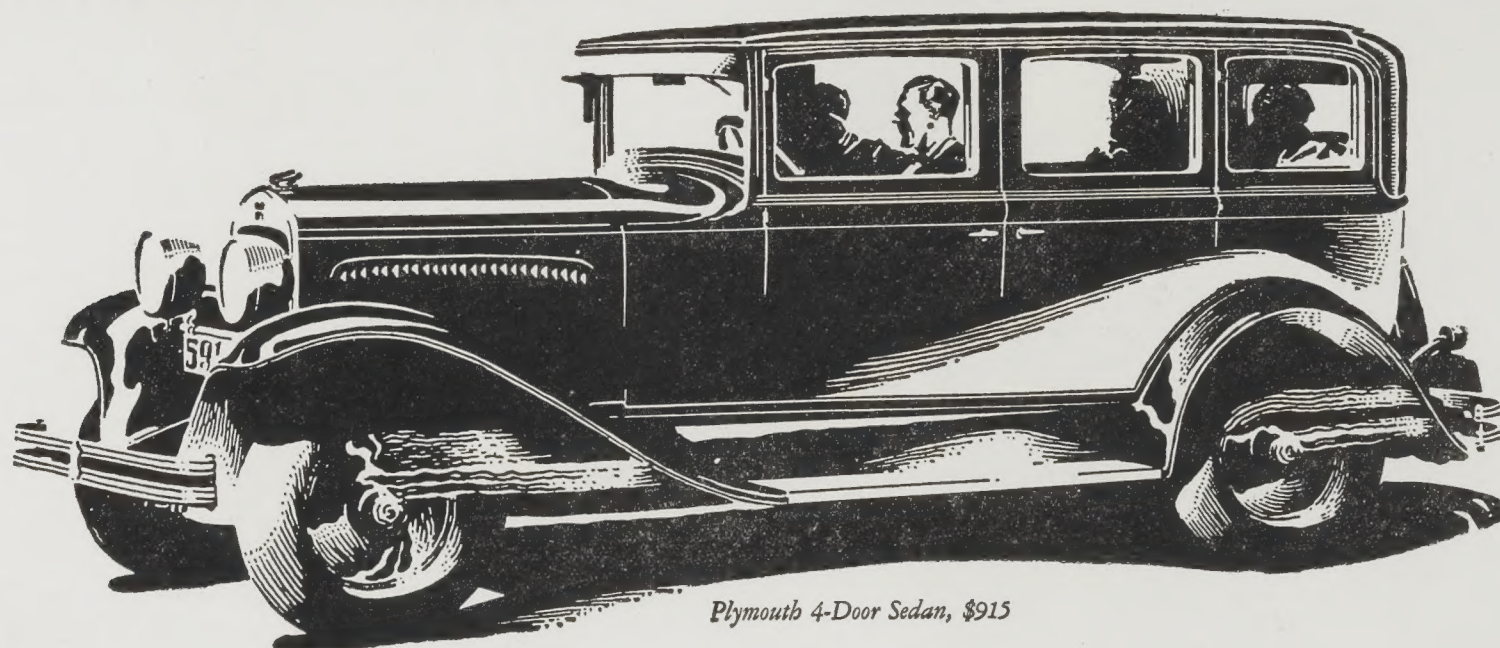
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAf and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



CHRYSLER

PLYMOUTH



Plymouth 4-Door Sedan, \$915

**A NEW
CAR . . . A
NEW CAR STYLE**

\$850
AND UPWARDS

Coupe	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$850
Roadster	-	-	-	-	-	-	850
Touring	-	-	-	-	-	-	870
2-Door Sedan	-	-	-	-	-	-	875
DeLuxe Coupe	-	-	-	-	-	-	910
4-Door Sedan	-	-	-	-	-	-	915

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

A NEW ZENITH OF LOW PRICED CAR-LUXURY AND PERFORMANCE

Plymouth Features—New slender profile chromium-plated radiator.—Long, low bodies.—Generous room for 2 to 5 passengers, according to body model.—Luxurious deep upholstery and appointment detail such as you expect only in cars of far higher price.—New "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, for use with any gasoline.—Characteristic Chrysler acceleration.—Unbelievable smoothness of operation at all driving speeds.—Body impulse neutralizer.—Chrysler light-action internal expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes — no other car of this price possesses this feature.

With the new Plymouth, Chrysler is the first to give, at so low a price, the advantages of performance, riding ease, dependability and full adult size which characterize fine cars of higher price.

It is so revolutionary an advance over other low priced cars, it is such conclusive evidence that the past year's strides in the science of manufacturing have multiplied the purchasing power of the motor car dollar, that you will surely want to see it and drive it.

A Plymouth ride is the best demonstration of the ease with which it leaps from 5 to 60 and more miles per hour—the quiet of its power and the smoothness of its flight. You yourself must put

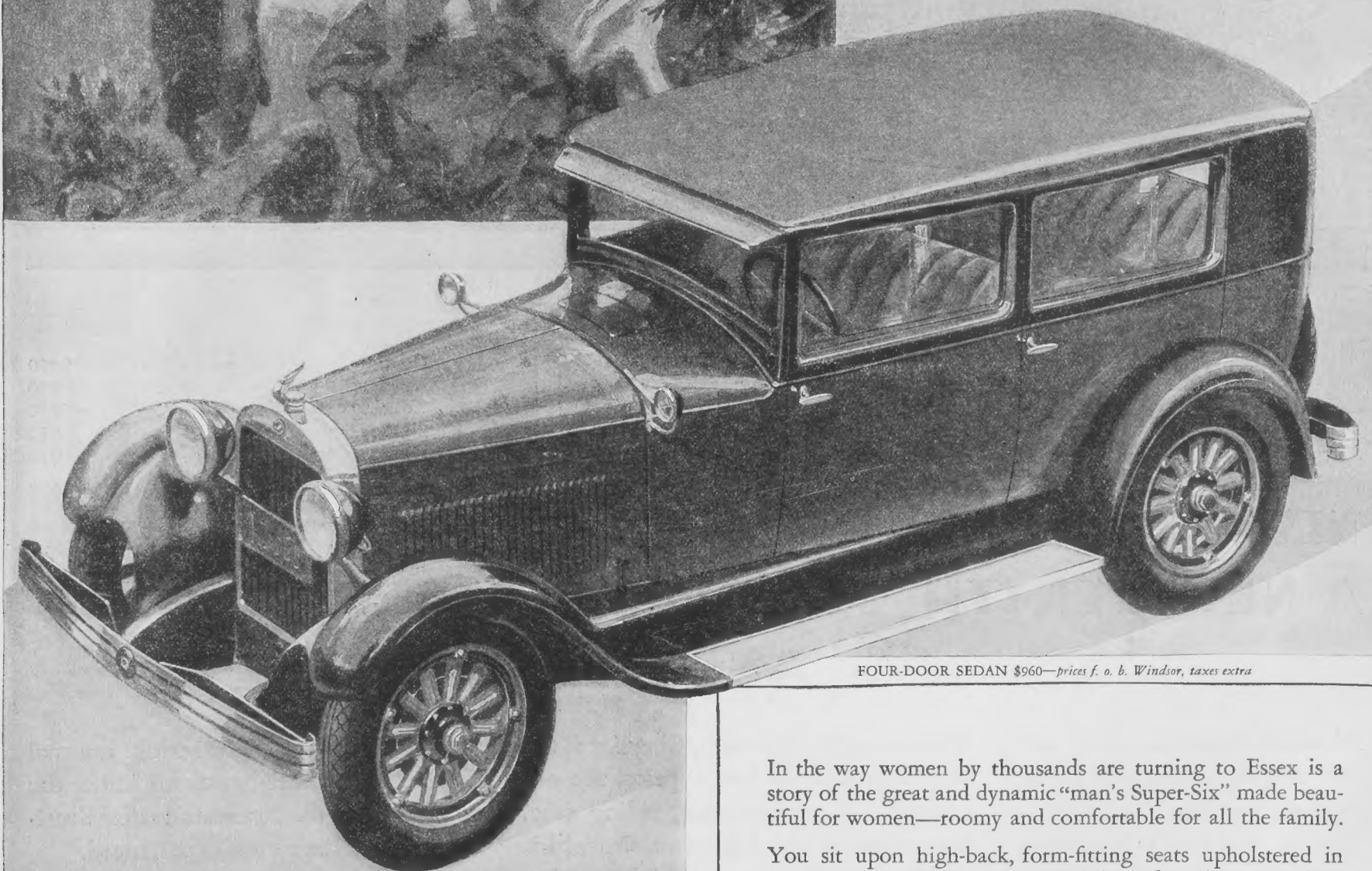
your foot to the light-action internal hydraulic 4-wheel brakes to know the confidence of the fastest and safest deceleration you have ever experienced.

And above all, you must see its beautiful lines and finish, and stretch at ease in its deep-upholstered, full adult-size bodies, to comprehend how completely the Plymouth surpasses cars heretofore sold under \$1500.

Please see and ride in the Plymouth. We believe you will discover there has never been a car anywhere near its price that can approach the Plymouth for power, pick-up, smoothness, easy handling, safety, quietness and roominess — nor that can equal it in beauty and style.

WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE

Fine Car
Transportation
*At Lowest Cost
per Mile*



FOUR-DOOR SEDAN \$960—prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

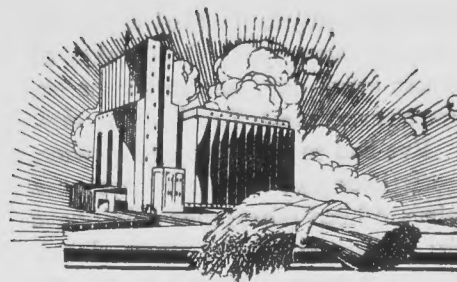
The New
ESSEX
Super-Six
\$885 Up

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women—roomy and comfortable for all the family.

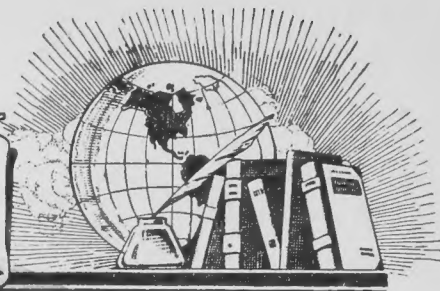
You sit upon high-back, form-fitting seats upholstered in material that tells its quality to sight and to the touch. The winged radiator figure leads the eye out over a shining rhythm of cowl, hood, polished saddle type lamps and graceful arching fenders to the smoothly flying highroad.

You have before you every control in their most natural and handy place. And all about you, the paneling, the weather-stripped doors, the silenced body construction, the floor-matting and the hardware in graceful silvery patterns speak quietly and certainly of quality.

In these and such things as the slender black rubber, steel-core, finger-scalloped steering wheel; the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.



EDITORIAL



Are Our Schools Failing?

PRESIDENT LOWELL of Harvard and Principal Grant of Upper Canada College have recently expressed their conviction that in point of scholarship American and Canadian youths are two years behind those trained in private and public schools of Europe. This may be true, or it may not. Much depends upon what standard is used in measuring scholarship. Fifty years ago in Ontario the measure was mathematics, one hundred years ago it was classics, today it is the range of studies included in the entrance examination to the universities. Standards change, and probably in ten years a new one and a better one will be employed.

Suppose it is true that American and Canadian youths are two years behind, does this condemn the schools? Yes, and no. If the schools are making it their chief aim to reach the university standard and if they are failing to make good, the criticism levelled against them is quite in place. But if they are aiming at something higher and better, then perhaps it is all to their credit that the pupils do not make a good showing at university examinations. At best only five per cent. of young people go to high school, and of these only a fraction proceed to university. The school shows its wisdom when it offers a programme that meets the needs of the great majority. It may prepare for life though it doesn't prepare for university. The only way to success is not through the university.

At best schools, whether primary or advanced, have comparatively little to do with success in life. Rome, in her day, produced many great leaders, but the school had little to do with their training. There were other agencies at work. Sparta had leaders and heroes, but no schools as we know them. In the long stretch of centuries that measure the Middle Ages there were leaders of men, but they were not in the universities. These did not come into being till about twelve hundred.

Nor are the great leaders, thinkers and doers today developed in university class-rooms alone. The world has its own ways of teaching, and they are wonderfully effective. No nation can depend upon its schools alone. The home, the church, the press, the places of entertainment, the industrial and commercial organizations are all operating every day to educate youth. If there is success it must be attributed to all; if there is failure it must be admitted by each.

University men may be right in claiming that in point of scholarship our youths are behind. Perhaps in other respects they will be judged to be two years ahead. We are pretty well satisfied that in the discharge of daily duty in a world as we have it, the young Canadian will hold his own. Isn't that enough?

Natural Resources

AFTER long needless delay the Dominion Government has at last agreed to a transfer of resources to the Province of Manitoba. Evidently the forces which have been standing in the way of a just settlement have decided that they are wrong or that there is a better way of accomplishing their purposes, and so the Government has been allowed to make terms with the Manitoba administration. This seems to have been the way with Dominion Governments since the earliest days. They knew that tariff reduction on farm implements was right, but a powerful organization in the East would not permit a change; they knew that branch railways were needed, but they permitted somebody to block legislation; for years they knew the Hudson Bay line should be built, but Montreal decided otherwise. So, too, in the matter of resources, the Western Provinces have been treated as spoiled children, as ungrateful recipients of favors from the older provinces; as if there were in federation two classes of provinces, those who had reached the independent stage and those who had not. It is satisfactory, however, and creditable to both the federal and provincial governments that action has at last been taken looking towards transfer. This undoubtedly means that there will be adjustment in the other Prairie Provinces immediately.

The Long Vacation

YOUNG and old, they come trooping back to the city after the long vacation. Their cheeks are brown, their eyes are bright, their steps are firm. They have renewed their youth, they have clarified their vision, they have opened their hearts to the beauty and wonder of the great out-of-doors.

One can scarcely realize what a few weeks in the open mean to city children. Physically they are released from the cramp of the small room, the narrow street, and their lungs are flushed with the dew-laden airs of the plains and the woods. Their minds are opened to the treasures of a new world in which living things attract, attention, and in which every feature is a challenge to action and investigation. Really it seems that from an educational viewpoint the other months of the year mean nothing, but that during July there flows into the soul a wealth of experiences—sights, sounds, odors, ambitions, modes of action, all forms of questioning. Nor is the moral sense inactive. The temptations of the social group are for a time withdrawn and new associations of a healthier nature awakened. On the whole life is enriched and ennobled.

Even grown folks feel the thrill of a visit to the country. Old associations are renewed, conventional forms of dress are forgotten, fixed hours for meals and rest are ignored—the life is surfeited with adventure. Here is a time and place where one can do just as he pleases, where every morning means ease, and every evening hilarity.

There is something more than personal gain in these summer outings. There is a great social benefit in which both town and country participate. National unity is impossible unless the elements combine in a friendly way. In cities rich and poor may be antagonistic but at least they have an opportunity to know each other, but country and city, with widely differing problems, never come together and never understand one another, until they meet around a common table, and interchange experiences around a common fireside.

What the summer outing is to city people, the winter carnivals and bonspiels are to country folk, only that as yet the benefits of the outing do not extend to women and children. There is room for improvement here, and some day a discerning individual or association will perceive a great opportunity for service.

The Norse Convention

ONE of the greatest conventions this continent has known was that of the Norsemen to the City of Winnipeg in the beginning of July. It was memorable not only because of the numbers but because of the character of the programme. We have all been accustomed to think of the Norse as a strong rugged people given to warfare and adventure. That, however, did not exhaust their ability. Anyone who had the good fortune to hear the massed choir of one thousand voices and the world-renowned soloists who accompanied them, or was able to follow the discussions from day to day, will know that the Norse people are great in peace, great in art, great in religious fervor, and great in their loyalty to truth and honor. They have brought strength and culture to North America, they are playing a great part in building up the Canadian West. The visit to Winnipeg was an honor to that city, which outdid itself in extending to them a welcome. If as a result of the convention many of these fine people will find their way to this new land it will be gain to us. They are the people who contribute to the wealth of a nation.

The Reconciliation of Opposites

PERIODICALLY Christians array themselves into warring camps, and the ground of division varies with time and place. Just now a cross-section of the denominations will show that in each of them are two clearly-defined parties known as

Modernists and Fundamentalists. It may be that this heralds a realignment of Christian forces, so that old names and shibboleths will be forgotten. Such a happening might have its advantages. Conviction rather than tradition would be the ground of division. It may be too that it would be easier to reconcile differences between these two classes than the age-old differences that separate denominations. It might in time be recognized that each party emphasizes one-half the truth, and that there would be much more to gain by joining hands than by emphasizing differences.

Religionists might in this matter learn a little from writers of fiction. Last century the most popular of English novelists was Jane Austen. In none of her works did she deal with great social, industrial or financial questions. She confined herself to personal and domestic problems. Today nearly every work of fiction centres in the conflicts in society at large—the struggle between Capital and Labor, between rich and poor, between the privileged and the down-trodden, between culture and ignorance. It is as if the novelists had forgotten the woes and sorrows of the individual in contemplating the titanic struggles with millions on each side.

So, too, the preacher of a century ago as represented by Jonathan Edwards, and three hundred years ago as represented by Bunyan, had a gospel for the individual. They urged men to flee from the wrath to come. The thought of the next world made the happenings in this world of small account. Today the preacher recognizing that Christ came to set up a Kingdom on Earth makes his thought the building up of that Kingdom—a kingdom in which truth and love and goodness will be triumphant. The thought of the next world is in the background, but the dominating concern is present society and its redemption.

Now, there is seemingly no conflict. Society is made up of individuals, and there is no possibility of purifying it excepting as individuals are reached. This does not necessitate terrifying them by thoughts of the future. Christ did not use that motive in urging His first disciples to follow Him, nor do preachers today need to employ it. Nor are people effectually reached unless their lives are patterned after their Master, unless they are given over to the task of building the Kingdom. Religion manifests itself not in mere words and feelings, but in deeds. Camp-meeting religion has had its day. So has a religion that overlooks the need of personal dedication to service.

When a Fundamentalist urges men individually to repent, to get right with their Creator, nobody can find fault with him, and when a Modernist urges the same men to combine to make truth and righteousness triumphant in this world, he too is in line with the wish of the Master. So why quarrel?

Flirting With Death

THERE is one way to discourage aviators from taking chances with death. It is for the newspapers to ignore them. The Atlantic has been crossed, so has the Pacific; the Pole has been circled, good-will flights have been successfully completed everywhere. Now let us turn to something else. Surely enough good lives have been lost, notwithstanding the prayers and blessings of the pious, to satisfy the gods of the sea. So let us get back to our every-day tasks and accomplish something worth-while. There is little to be gained by locating the Pole; another trans-Atlantic flight will not add to our knowledge unless it is directed by scientists whose findings may be accepted. Good will can be manifested in other and better ways. It is not pleasant to read of death after death in the stormy Atlantic and the Polar Seas. If more aviators wish to risk their lives let them do so, but let us try to keep their names out of the newspapers.



**"..me quit eating Yeast?
I now know what Health
is and I'm going to keep
it!"**

Lots of people *think* they know what health means. And they don't know at all. Never know all their lives. Ever realize that? It's something you can't know, until you've had it.

The only way to find out is to get it. That's the way I did. And I tell you the *difference* between what I *thought* was health, and the *real* health that I have now—it's too big, and means too much in my life, to risk missing it even for a day.

How did I get it? Eating yeast every day.

Why, what I used to think was health wasn't health at all.

But I guess you wouldn't understand that. Maybe you're still where I was then.

Wait till you join the Health Custom people—eating your three cakes of Yeast every day, one before or between every meal. You'll know, *then*.

I've had to miss it once or twice, sometimes two or three days at a time. A hotel where they didn't have it; night and all the stores closed. Not any more. I don't take chances on it. Carry my own supply. Regular deliveries now, always fresh, ready for me to pick up.

Those few short spells when I missed out on my yeast I realized what it had done for me. Yeast isn't habit-forming—like one of those medicines. You don't have to keep on eating it any more than you have to keep on eating bread and butter—it is just food.



"My system was poisoned. I was really ill. The doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast to help clear up the condition. For several months I took it. I began to eat better. My health returned to normal. More than that—my face was entirely cleared of pimples. I cannot praise Fleischmann's Yeast too much and would recommend it to everyone as a tonic and health builder."

MARGARET MAGEE, Toronto, Ont.



Major James Goodsell, world professional sculling champion, writes:

"At 16 I ran away to Australia, where I did everything from porpoise fishing to captaining a river steamer—also perfecting myself in sculling, my favorite sport. In 1925 I won the world professional sculling championship."

He says of Fleischmann's Yeast: "As physical director of a prominent physical culture club in San Francisco, I have often recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. This is because at all times in my own racing experience I have eaten Yeast for boils, and also to keep from getting run down. I find the eating of four cakes a day particularly effective."

MAJOR JAMES GOODSSELL, Vancouver, B. C.

Try this Health Custom to keep you happy. Order two or three days' supply from your grocer. Eat a cake before or between meals.

A very interesting booklet on "Regaining Health" will be sent to you gladly. Write to The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 08-C, 185 James Ave., Winnipeg, Man.



The THRICE-A-DAY
Health Custom

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast *The Food for Health*

A Cup of Coffee

By Frances Hathaway

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

THE bunkhouse presented its usual Sunday bill of shaving, reading, card-playing and letter writing, varied now by manifest uneasiness on the part of "Kale" Wilson. In fact, it

was more than uneasiness. It was a genuine full to bursting charge of emotion and he sought the faces in the bunkhouse for some sign of sympathy favoring his own condition.

He selected Lon Peters, who was reading a love story over in a corner, as a likely confidant. Lon's ordinarily alert face wore the dreamy expression of a calf after feeding, so Kale judged the moment right to relieve his pent-up heart. What he revealed, after some difficulty, made Lon forget his story in the thrill of real life.

"Gosh, Kale, do you mean it? Who is she? I got an awful case on a jane myself."

"You know her, Lon. I seen you talk to her the other day and you hit it off fine. My, if I could peddle the line you can, Lon, I wouldn't be in the fix I am right now."

"What's the rip, Kale? Anything I can do to help?"

"That's the talk, Lon. I knew you would. And you sure can. Now if you just go to her friendly-like—"

"But who is she, Kale? You ain't told me yet."

"That's right, I ain't. Well, she's Mary — Mary Patton."

Lon screwed up his eyes at the vision evoked by the name of Mary Patton. Comely, she was, and purposeful too. No wonder Kale betrayed diffidence concerning her. And could Mary cook? Lon did not need to tell the world, for all the world knew it from the time she had come to cook for the outfit. She had been with them nearly a week, which was high time for some one of them to declare their intentions toward her. So Kale was the stricken one!

"She's a fine girl, Kale," asservated Lon heartily, "I wish you luck. And now what can I do to help?"

"You can go to her friendly-like, Lon, and—and—put in a good word for me. You know what I mean. Plug for me a little. Tell her what a good fellow I am. And kind-a find out would she have me—"

"I see. Miles Standish stuff. No, Kale, that won't do. It's been tried out and it's n.g. Women ain't made that way. Now if you'd just work it the other way round—"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if you go to her yourself, and plug for me, she'll be more likely to take you."

Wha-a-t?"

This so savored of perfidy that Kale could scarcely credit his ears. Lon explained carefully.

"The way to work this, Kale, is to go to her and tell her what a case I got on her. Then tell her what a fine fellow I am and how lucky she'd be to get me. Then she'll fall for you, see?"

"Like hell she will. Say, what do you think I am—a damn fool?"

Kale rose, too agitated to parley further. He snorted his way through the bunkhouse and ran into Shorty McPhail braiding quirt outside.

"First time I ever knew Lon to show yellow," he complained bitterly. And forthwith poured his tale

"Let me talk to her."

"Naw, don't let anyone butt in. I've got the dope. Listen."

Kale turned to the last speaker, a wizened son of the range, leather-tanned and bow-legged.

"Let's hear it, Buck. You're the only one with sense, anyhow."

"Talking isn't going to get you anywhere, Kale, if there isn't something behind it. Now you've got one friend that will talk for you better than any line of gab you could get. You're the only guy with a roll, Kale. You save your money and we don't. Let that talk for you."

The wisdom of this was beyond question, and the group gazed respectfully upon the seer who propounded it. There remained only the means by which this valuable ally could be got into action without undue depletion. It was conceded that while money could talk it need not holler its head off. Shorty had the inspiration.

"Why not drop your bank-book in the kitchen or leave it careless-like by your place at the table. Then she'd find it."

This plan was accepted with enthusiasm as costing nothing and offering much. If Mary Patton was the girl her cooking seemed to warrant she would know a good thing when she saw it and smile upon Kale accordingly.

Kale felt for his savings account book, which he carried with a jumble of letters, time-books and other miscellaneous thin booklets in an inside pocket of his vest. He took it out and read the snug balance. Yes, Mary should be impressed. That night he furtively fished it out, laid it beside his plate, then let it slip by careful design to the floor, while

he guilelessly consumed his meal. And there the unsuspecting Mary in due time found it.

THE first intimation of success came next day when Mary cast a lingering glance upon Kale as he delivered the week's meat supply. He set the beef in the ice-box and was about to sidle out when she unexpectedly called him. He saw the coffee pot upon the stove and a table set with cups for two.

"Won't you have a cup of coffee with me," she invited engagingly. I get up too early to eat much breakfast. Perhaps you are hungry too."

Kale gulped. He had already consumed enough of Mary's hot-cakes to stoke a mammoth but he would have partaken of prussic acid had Mary invited him to share it with her. So he sat down to a dazzling *tete-a-tete* in which Mary's eyes and smiles completed the devastation already wrought in his heart.

This was the beginning of many such marks of Mary's favor. She singled him out emphatically and the bunkhouse closed in upon him with congratulations. But not a word did she breathe of his lost property. Kale, however, did not mind. He would as soon Mary kept it as himself. She would return it some day and Kale would find courage to claim her with it. Quite a neat little opening. What? Kale thought so.

That everything was not going well with Kale's romance became evident after a time. He haunted the bunkhouse with more frequency than his

Continued on page 20



The rest of the bunch she simply scorned

into another sympathizing ear. Shorty nodded comprehension.

"Lon's dope is all right," he declared. "I've heard the same thing myself. It's in the school readers how a fellow named Standish tried to work that scheme and it didn't work. Better let it alone, Kale."

"That's all right," Kale agreed. "But first the son-of-a-gun tells me he's in love with a jane, and then he tells me to go to Mary and plug for him. What's he trying to hand me?"

"It sounds fishy, all right, but Lon didn't mean any harm. It's just his way of putting things."

"It's a darn queer way, I'll say. Not that it might not work if it wasn't some good-looking fellow like Lon." Kale considered thoughtfully. "Yes, it might work, say, with somebody like you, Shorty. What say I go to Mary and tell her you're crazy about her only too bashful to say anything. She'd get a kick out of that and it might break the ice."

Shorty received this with the profane protest it deserved. It brought out the bunkhouse, now fully informed of Kale's extremity by the injured Lon. Kale stood his ground.

"Gol darn it, boys, I can't talk and you know it. How's a man going to let a girl know what he thinks if he can't open his head?"

"Say it with flowers," suggested one, prodding a prickly pear with his foot.

"Make her jealous, then she'll do the talking."

"GOOD-BYE, Mrs. Kushmann, good-bye. Take good care by your health now. Good-bye, Mrs. Blitz, good soul. Say good-bye mit Ikey for me. I'll miss you, Mrs. Blitz — already I'm feeling it, see? Good-bye, *everybody*."

Mrs. Rebecca Yiddlebaum, embracing her old friends in turn, collapsed momentarily on the bosom of each while her tears gushed forth afresh. Although a little premature with her farewells—since the moving-van hadn't yet put in an appearance—parting was such a sweet sorrow that to prolong it seemed her chief concern.

"It's hard keeping a stiff upper lip," sighed the ample Mrs. Kushmann as she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Aber, ven you get settled, Mrs. Blitz and me we'll go and see you right away quick, ain't it?"

"May Gott forgive me, Rebecca, I wish you wasn't going so far away," sobbed little Mrs. Blitz. "A goot neighbor gone and nobody to borrow the *kraut* kettle from!" She sniffed audibly.

"This here prosperity, it's sad," declared Mrs. Kushmann, with another sigh. Shaking her head she summoned a melancholy smile. "It's *mazel-tov* for her maybe but me I ain't speaking by the lady on the next house and at number twelve they got already mumps. Am I going to be lonesome? *Oi!* you should ask. Still, Mr. Yiddlebaum he's a feller you couldn't keep down. Success he desoives."

"Always I said it," Mrs. Blitz agreed, nodding her shawled head. A bent little woman, Mrs. Blitz, with faded, peering eyes that needed glasses, and a habit of getting along without a handkerchief. She now gave another of her customary sniffs and said: "Rebecca, *lieber*, take here this bowl of pickled red cabbage mit my love."

"Gott will bless you, Ruth," solemnly vowed Mrs. Yiddlebaum, as she accepted the gift tendered her. "Tell me, is there cinnamon-sticks in it. They give me wind on the stomach."

"This won't give you the wind—only cloves I put in," the other assured her.

Mrs. Kushmann unrolled the end of her shawl, revealing something wrapped in a damp napkin.

"This," she said modestly, "is what I brought you for good-bye. A nize little *gefille* fish all ready to go in your mouth, see? Moving it dun't give time for cooking. Ask me—I know. Six times we moved and always in my arms I had a baby. I would have praised Gott for a herring even that I didn't have to cook myself."

Mrs. Yiddlebaum at this fresh expression of kindness and neighborliness was again overcome but only temporarily, for she recovered herself in a moment and called shrilly to her son Abie who was cruising about amongst the family effects piled on the pavement, to "bring here that rocking-chair for dear Mrs. Kushmann to sit down by." When one holds court it is only polite to seat the guests. Mrs. Blitz had dropped on to the extreme end of a loaded chesterfield.

In front of No. X10 Baldwin street the curb had all the appearance of a Saturday fire-sale. Several large piles of the Yiddlebaum goods and chattels, lares and penates, obstructed foot-traffic and at intervals more articles were being added as Mr. Yiddlebaum continued to wrestle with stove-pipes and other impedimenta still indoors. About this sight there was something strangely poignant. It

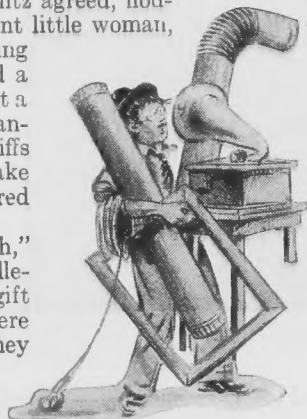


It was a highly dramatic moment when Mrs. Yiddlebaum, sobbing and kissing her hand, was hauled into the van, clutching in one arm the family's principal treasure and chief objet d'art—a plaster statue of the Venus de Milo, and the cuckoo clock, and in the other her youngest born.

Moving Day

Proving That Home is Where
the Heart is

By E. G. Bayne



Mr. Yiddlebaum, who had been running about like a lively cricket, emerged from the house, weighed down by several lengths of stove-pipe, a phonograph, a small table minus one leg, a large picture frame, and a coil of clothesline.

was like the sudden baring of the secrets of the human heart for all the world, that callous, indifferent, teeming throng, to see. There they stood, all the homely, intimate, more-or-less battered but beloved objects somehow indispensable to family life—things big and small, grimy and gaudy, useful or otherwise, new things and very old things, articles obviously bought or acquired in this land and others that had come from far-away Poland. A little family history heaped there on the sidewalk. It was touching and it was revealing.

SINCE early morning excitement had been intense and the Yiddlebaums had held for the greater part of the day an informal reception, as it were. To the uninitiated who drifted along—but these were few and far between—it was imparted that the Yiddlebaums were moving at last. Could you believe it? Oh, it

was quite true. Sol Yiddlebaum had given up the tailoring business and had entered into partnership with a firm of pawnbrokers over on Q—Street, away across on the other side of the city, and the family were going to live in a house with—*really*—a bathroom (just think of it!) and a garage, and other modern inconveniences. The fine-sounding terms "success" and "prosperity" were bandied about.

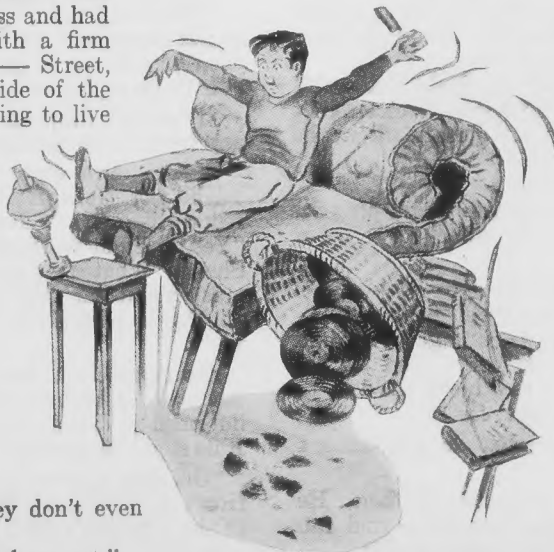
Not all of the neighbors were friendly. Human nature is the same on Baldwin Street as it is in more affluent districts.

"A bathroom? Such airs!"

"And a garage. When they don't even keep a donkey!"

"I guess the landlord put them out."

"And about time, too. Such kids! Such racket!"



Abie, the eldest son of the house, who had been seated atop the tallest pile of household goods playing a mouth-organ, slid suddenly to earth.

"Me, I'd be ashamed from myself to put outdoors such furniture for the public to look at. A disgrace, ain't it?"

"Every spring always a false alarm by Yiddlebaum's. Going to move—going to move. And now, pinch me quick—they are!"

"Vell, it seems too good to be true."

"Four times I hear they sent for the van today and it ain't come yet. Maybe Mr. Kohen thinks they're kidding him again."

The last speaker, a stout woman in a soiled pink wrapper, stood watching the scene from across the street. She was languidly jiggling the handle of a baby-carriage and chewing gum, but her little curious eyes missed nothing.

"How quiet the street will be tonight," remarked the first who had spoken, a tired-looking little woman with a black shawl over her head and a market-basket on her arm in which a couple of live chickens squawked and fluttered.

The lady with the baby-carriage smiled cynically. She raised a hand and waved it expressively on a level with her shoulder, at the same time shrugging.

"I'm keeping my fingers crossed," she said. "I won't believe they're gone *till they're gone, see?*"

"I give you right," agreed the other. "Me neither."

BALDWIN is a congested thoroughfare in the late afternoon. Its population overflows from every doorway, while the curbs are lively with children, hucksters, and transient citizens of many races, not to mention dogs and cats. Crates of restless fowl and boxes of herring rub shoulders with the passing pedestrian and frequently he must pick his way over prone infants, discarded fruit-baskets, broken bottles, quarrelsome canines, and other miscellany. A walk on Baldwin is an adventure.

In the little shops and homes the father in every house is a lawyer—in the law of Moses. The Mosaic laws contain not alone the Ten Commandments but certain religious regulations and a large number of judicial laws governing property, marriage, friendship, and other civil relationships. Scattered for two thousand years over all the face of the earth from Babylon to Rome and to Mediaeval Europe the Chosen Race has preserved these laws against the conflicts of a hundred civilizations, and down to date, interest in them never wanes and discussion of them seldom ceases. Fathers and

uncles meet and greet each other with the familiar: "Sholem Aleichem"! and proceed to thresh out some knotty problem in the affairs of the synagogue or of commerce regardless of time, tide, traffic regulations, or street corner competition. It is an error to assume that congestion on this or neighboring streets is due to an influx of peddlers. Many of these argumentative brethren are not tradesmen but lawyers. It was even so on this day which had been chosen by the Yiddlebaums for their historic flitting.

"Abie! . . . Becky! . . . Esther!"—the voice of

Continued on page 52



*The Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King,
Premier of Canada*

THE Second Session of the Sixteenth Parliament of Canada is now a matter of history. It began on the 26th of January and ended on the 11th of June. There were 93 days in which Parliament sat, the deliberations of the House of Commons are recorded in 4,381 pages of "Hansard," and 320 bills passed both Houses of Parliament and received the Royal Assent, including 239 divorce bills and 29 private bills. Over \$380,000,000 of public moneys were voted for the administration of the national business.

So much by way of introduction. Each session of Parliament has its special features; that of the session just closed being the appearance of the Hon. R. B. Bennett as leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition, fresh from his selection for that important position amid the blare of trumpets at the great convention of the Conservative party held at Winnipeg. His followers, demoralized after the smashing defeat of September 14th, 1926, held high hopes of the success he would achieve for them. The stage was set for his first encounter with the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, every member was in his seat and the galleries were tense with excitement. The result was disappointing to Mr. Bennett's supporters for the Prime Minister scored a decisive victory. Even Mr. Bennett's most ardent admirers, and he has many of them, will admit Mr. King's mastery on that occasion. But Mr. Bennett must not be briefly or lightly dismissed. He has had a long experience of public life, his mind is quick and alert, he has an excellent memory and is a fluent speaker. He has been described as "a master of phraseology and a molder of words." He is perhaps the most fluent speaker in the House of Commons, but his fluency is an asset of doubtful value. He relies too much on it; indeed, some of his critics have gone so far as to state that his fluency is his greatest vice and his greatest obstacle to success. He speaks rapidly and is the despair of the Hansard reporters; he delights in rhetorical flights and sometimes reaches high levels of oratory. He speaks often and at considerable length. It would not be unfair criticism to say that in the House of Commons he speaks too fast, too often and too long. He differs from his predecessor in a marked degree; he has not the incisiveness of Mr. Meighen nor the forceful dignity of Mr. Guthrie. He is easily ruffled and lacks restraint. But he has energy, industry and ambition and he will not spare himself in the effort to bring success to the party which he leads. In his first session as leader of the opposition he has done the necessary work of criticism conscientiously and well. It is true that he has had little of a constructive nature to offer, but perhaps it would not be fair to expect too much of him at the outset.

Mr. Bennett has undertaken a heavy task; he has a difficult following to command, many unruly elements in his party and few young men of ability upon whom to rely. What his future success may be lies in the lap of the gods. So far his onslaughts on the Liberal citadel have left no breach.

THE Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister, is stronger today than ever before. He found his strength in the days of adversity when he battled with the "shadow government," and won. His position as leader of the Liberal party has been unchallenged ever since. He dominates the House of Commons, although he speaks

Parliament, Politics and Progress

By J. T. Thorson, M.P.

comparatively seldom. When he speaks, he does so with preparation; he remains the student. He has few of the social graces and does not mix with his followers as they would wish him to do, but they accept him as he is, with great respect for his judgment and admiration for his ability. Even his opponents have largely ceased their attacks on him. Perhaps success begets confidence; whether that be so or not, Mackenzie King enjoys to the fullest extent the confidence of the Liberal party and deservedly so. He bids fair to hold a high place in Canadian political history.

EVERY Session of Parliament falls into definite stages: first of all comes the Speech from the Throne, with the debate upon it offering opportunities for suggestions to the Government; then come the Government legislative measures and the budget is presented and debated. Lastly the estimates are submitted, discussed and passed. In addition days are set apart for private members—resolutions are proposed and debated, private bills are presented and there is the unending stream of divorce bills poured from the Senate, where legislation of this sort now originates.

This year's budget was similar in many respects to previous budgets brought down by our well-known Minister of Finance, the Hon. Jas. A. Robb. The country expects "Robb" budgets and was not disappointed. Mr. Robb brought his budget down on the 16th of February, quite early in the session. He announced a reduction in the national debt for the year ending March 31st, 1927, of over \$40,000,000 and forecast a surplus for the year ending March 31st, 1928, of over \$54,000,000. He also announced tax reductions, both direct and indirect, a further cut of 10% in the income tax and 25% on the sales tax, together with a revision of the tariff, particularly on cottons and woollens, estimating the extent of his tax reductions at \$19,000,000. The budget was debated in detail and at length; the Conservatives and the group consisting of United Farmers of Alberta, Progressives, United Farmers of Ontario and Labor members both criticized the budget strongly. The former claimed that industry was being ruined, the latter complained that the tariff reductions were negligible and protested vigorously against the reduction of the income tax. One hundred and twenty-seven members took part in the budget debate, which after four weeks of dullness, came to an end on the 14th of March, when the budget was adopted by a vote of 116 to 92.

THE discussion of the estimates, which showed an increase over those of the previous year, was much more interesting. As usual the expenditures were severely criticized and complaints made both as to what was included in the estimates and what was not. There was the annual clamor for the wharves, docks, breakwaters and public buildings for which no provision was made. Some members think it necessary to make this clamor to show their constituencies that they are looking after their interests. The key-note of the criticism was extravagance and particular stress was laid on the expenditures connected with the establishments and residences of the Governor General, at Rideau Hall and Quebec. This discussion included a lively clash between Mr. Bennett and the Prime Minister. There were other interesting features to the debates on the estimates: the opposition had organized attacks on the various ministers as their estimates came up, varying in intensity and extent, those against the Postmaster General, a doughty fighter of the old school, being perhaps the most intense. Mr. Bennett also planned a sort of guerilla warfare to satisfy special sections of the country. In the course of a little over a week three amendments were made to motions to go into supply, these being all regarded as motions of lack of



*The Hon. R. B. Bennett, M.P.
Leader of the Loyal Opposition*

confidence in the Government. The first was for the consumption of the fruit growers of British Columbia and the vegetable growers of Ontario and Quebec and had to do with duties on natural products. It was defeated by a majority of 51. The next had to do with the failure to pay reparations claims for damage done by Germany to the civilian population of Canada in the war, almost fifty per cent. of these claims coming from Nova Scotia. It suffered defeat by a majority of 55. The third and last dealt with special duties on coal and steel and complained that the recommendations of the Duncan report on Maritime Rights had not been implemented. The majority against this motion was 58. With the increasing majorities against these motions, the guerilla warfare ceased. It is generally admitted that the present system of dealing with estimates is not altogether satisfactory; full information is not always available and often the estimates are rushed through in the closing days of the session when everyone is anxious to return to his personal affairs. Intimation has been given that a different method of dealing with estimates will be adopted. They may be passed on to committees for examination and report before being presented to the House in Committee of the Whole to be voted upon.

IT CANNOT be said that the legislation of the past session was controversial in the main or startling in its character. Much of it was administrative, originating from the various departments; some of it was for the purpose of carrying out recommendations of various commissions, e.g., several Acts were passed to implement recommendations of the Customs Enquiry Commission. For purposes of economy and administration the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment was merged with the Department of Health and the new department called the Department of Pensions and National Health.

Several Acts emanated from the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture. Special mention ought, however, to be made of the amendment to the Immigration Act and the legislation that resulted from the recommendations of the Special Committee on Pensions and Returned Soldiers' Problems. On five separate occasions the House of Commons had passed a bill to repeal the immigration legislation of 1919, which made it possible to deport British subjects born outside of Canada without a trial even after they had resided here over five years, although an alien who had become naturalized in Canada was exempt from deportation, even if he had been found guilty of crime after trial by the courts. On five occasions the Senate threw out the bill. This year the House of Commons made the fifth attempt to repeal the objectionable legislation of 1919. The Senate this year experienced a change of heart, and while not consenting to the repeal of the measure, restored the legislation of 1910, thus removing from the statute books the iniquitous discrimination against British subjects born outside of Canada which had remained there for nine years.

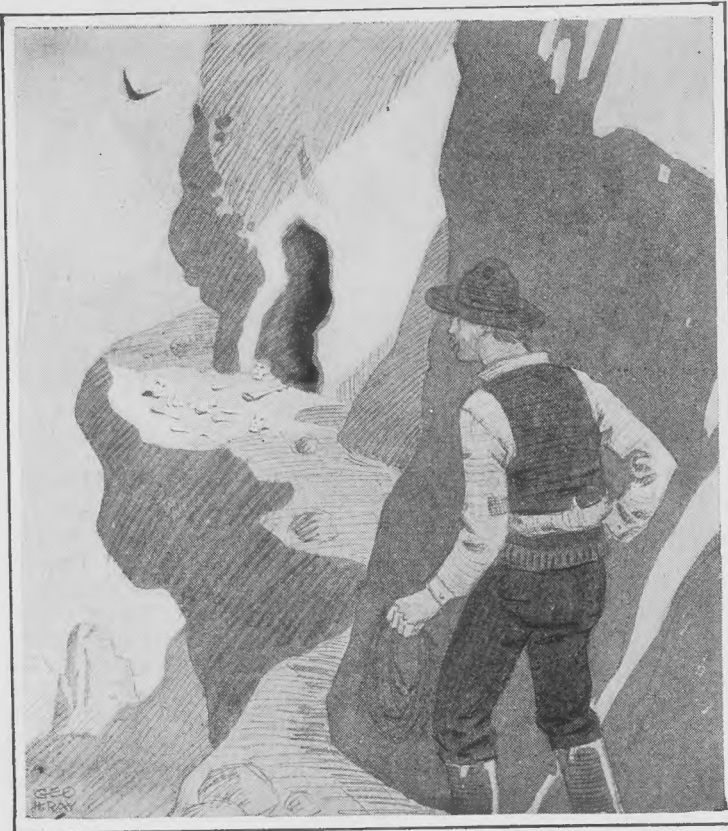
THE major legislation of the session which will have far-reaching results has to do with returned soldiers. The special committee which dealt with the matter was given a free hand. It worked conscientiously and well, all its members bringing to the task a desire to solve the problems brought

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The Skeletons' Shelf

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by Geo. Ray



Opposite the dark mouth of a cave in the rock face their bleached bones scattered the shelf.

SMALL wonder the place played a part in the evil superstitions of the Indians, for travelled veteran though Dan Sinclair was, he had never before looked upon a more terribly immense and forbidding scene. The canyon cut the range clean in two—a cutting two thousand feet in depth, its walls appearing vertical, and so narrow that in spite of the actinic glare of the July sun, the creek below lay in purple shadow. What sort of evolution had this region seen?—what thunderous glaciers, what storms, to sweep the whole country naked to the bedrock, so that no green thing grew from skyline to skyline? Terrifying in its solitude, its desolation shadowed the mind, and even Dan Sinclair, hardened prospector though he was, realized again his foolhardy folly in penetrating this desert alone. He had heard grim stories about this range, and now he believed them, while evidently his cayuse shared the same sense, for she was uneasy and kept shuffling back from the cliff-edge, as though she did not like the smell of that canyon. But Dan was here for a purpose, and he was not the man to lose time when on the trail.

He found a place where a distinct game path of sorts started down the cliff face, and here he pitched his shelter, removed his packs from the pony, hobbled and fed her. She, too, was a hardened prospector, but she was not likely to find much in this region save the paper-dry scrub, half lichen, half moss, that grew here and there in mottled patches among the rocks. No living thing could eat that fusty stuff, and horse-food would be his first difficulty, so that there was not an hour to waste.

Very soon Dan, with rope and hand-pick, started down the precipitous path, but he had not gone very far when he saw something that brought an oath to his lips. Someone had been here before him, for at his feet, where an outcrop partly barred the way, were indications of foot-holds having been picked out—not so long ago either! Someone had evidently used this way before him—perhaps one of those parties of prospectors about whom he had heard and who had never returned. Well, if they had never returned, he might as well follow them, and at all events, the canyon wall was so immense that he could profitably use the easiest way down, and at a suitable point establish his working centre.

Though from the cliff-face above the drop to the creek had looked almost sheer, Dan now saw that every here and there were immense terraces on which a church might have lodged—elsewhere tumbled masses of scree, composed of pointed boulders varying in size from that of the largest liner to rocks no larger than a man's head. It was

impossible to cross this scree, and the way he was following led easily around them. He saw boulders the size of battleships, delicately poised on end and towering skywards amidst the tumbled chaos, as though the pressure of a child's hand might send them thundering into the gloom, while, as he descended, the fungus, lichen-like masses, black and white and evil-looking, trailed about the sunless hollows, gaining strength as the light became weaker. A landslide in this region would be some show, and at intervals Dan could hear the artillery rumble of minor slides echoing up and down the canyon. Save for this, the silence was the silence of the ocean's depths. No sign of life or growth, save that blotched and mottled fungus, which surely was not alive; and save once for an immense eagle which went croaking and gliding across the canyon at his approach. About him was a breathless chill, like that which precedes an electrical storm, and there was something overpower-

ing in the thought that this immensity had stood immutable through a million ages, untouched by man, unchanged by Nature.

Suddenly the way ahead narrowed—a single sloping shelf, with naked rock scowling overhead, and below nothing but space, mist-wreathed and gloomy to the canyon depths. Dan's pulses tingled, for the old-world explorer's spirit was in his veins. Now on all fours, his body huddled to the rock, groping his way perilously among shifting boulders, he again found indications of other prospectors who had gone before. Soon the difficult stretch was past, and for a hundred yards ahead the shelf might have been a concrete highway of the East.

It was here that Dan made one or two surprising discoveries, though in this place nothing would really have surprised him. Evidently the white men who had gone before—and he was now sure that there were several of them—had used this obvious site as their camping ground, but for some mysterious reason they had got no further. Opposite the dark mouth of a cave in the rock face for a distance of perhaps thirty yards, their bleached bones scattered the shelf some of the skeletons complete, tumbled one across another, as men might die in the area of a gas wave. Poisonous gas?—yes, that might account for it, but Dan saw that other bones, smaller bones, lay among the human remains. He picked up one of the rifles and noticed that the magazine was empty. He examined weapon after weapon. Some had one or two cartridges left, one was broken. So these men had died fighting—but fighting what, in this lifeless place? One other thing Dan noticed—one of the rifles and a revolver was quite sound, save

for the rust, but the other weapons appeared to have lain there for varying periods, the stocks of the old ones being bleached and rotten, and the weapons themselves of a type long ago superseded. So these skeletons had collected in twos and threes during the past forty years, perhaps, and there might be some truth in the rumor that prospectors who had descended to explore this canyon did not return.

Well, Dan had no rifle, only an extraordinarily effective automatic pistol, which would furnish evidence of a still later period to subsequent arrivals at this unique museum. But—why had they all collected here and fallen here, or were there other shelves decorated with similar tokens? His gaze wandered towards the cave in the cliff-face immediately opposite, for these bygone men had evidently used it as a central camp, since rusty cans and other indestructible refuse still littered the floor. At the threshold he found another skeleton lying half across a rusty rifle, just as its owner had taken up a position of comparative shelter, the sights of the weapon still trained on the terrace beyond. It was so realistic that for a moment Dan felt sick, but one second later he had forgotten the skeletons, forgotten everything save what lay before his eyes. It was a heap of quartz samples, heavily charged with gold—pecked piece by piece from the immense quartz outcrop clambering up the wall of the cave and studding its roof like starlight. *Gold!* Never before had Dan seen such an outcrop rising from the face of the solid bedrock!

In an instant Dan's coolness and philosophy were gone, and a new sense of responsibility possessed him. This, then, was why these men had gathered here and finally perished here. They had come in twos and threes, each had stayed a little too long, each choosing to regard the mysterious fate of those ahead as belonging to a bygone condition of things. They had stayed and paid, as Dan would find himself staying, his gaze held by that golden dragon, unless he tore himself away—*now!*

How the other men had died he did not know.

That was a mystery, and with luck it might remain such, but Dan, in spite of his foolhardy daring, was reasonably level-headed where his luck was concerned. Now, after twelve years scratching about this infernal region, his dreams were realized—he had found gold, accessible gold, in an inestimable quantity. For the moment it was but for him to get out with his life, and once away he could make his plans. Next time he came, it would be with a properly equipped expedition prepared for any emergency.

With difficulty Dan tore his gaze from the yellow dragon, and stum-

bling to the entrance he came again upon the skeleton lying across the rifle. How had this man died? Bled to death, possibly, and so had never stirred after firing his last round. But at what had he fired? What in the name of wonder accounted for them lying here, where nothing moved



Blind, lost, her hope of freedom gone, the cayuse was staggering in front of them—back, back, then over and down.

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Wild Life Along the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes

By Bonnycastle Dale



WE WERE just leaving the big uplift reef in the "Inner Passage in British Columbia. The Kanaka-Coast Indian prehensile-toed helper, O'Poots, paddled wearily, as was his wont, in the stern of the big log canoe, soon destined to follow its

mates, as the ominous bow-to-stern crack which ultimately destroys these really excellent, if heavy, craft ("canim," in the Chinook jargon of the Coast) cedarlog canoes showed. Beetling above us hung the great bird cliffs along which we had worked for four weeks. One sheer cliff, seemingly unfitted for a greater foot than that of the cormorants which nested there, reached hundreds of feet above us. Bird Rocks, Gulf of Georgia.

"Sorry we couldn't work it," I said.

"Ni-ka," ejaculated the squat figure; words seemed to burst out of him like broom peas from their pods—unexpectedly. He told me that he had worked these seemingly unclimbable ledges, fearing that I would come along and discover him and speak to him and he would slip off to his death below. I knew what he meant. I had, time after time, hung out over the cliff-tops peering down and watching the long ribbons of the kelp, far below in the tide, which seemed to beckon me horribly. I had snapped the big black Brants Cormorants on ledges and a-wing. We had marvelled at their wonderful diving powers, and had noted that they were certain in time to lose their powers of flight, as they wear out the ends of the flight-feathers of the wings, and the tail-feathers too, by dragging them on the water as they essay to rise, they will, I judge, become flightless birds. These were "Brandt" cormorants and also the "Pelagic."

I could see three or four dull, dirty, greasy-looking blue eggs, or the naked young, black as my lady's glove, or the setting birds on the nests. They had the yellowish breeding filaments on necks and shoulders. They had fourteen feathers in the tails. The Pelagic Cormorants had a coral red throat pouch. All were feeding on the coarse fishes of the seas. In fact, the immense majority of the cormorants nest far from any salmon or trout streams, for instance on the Fallarones, the breeding ledges of British Columbia and the rocky uplift islands of the Gulf of Georgia in the West.

The nests are foul beyond description, even with some young in them that had down on, and which the Glaucous-winged gulls thought were fine edible morsels. Never in years of work along the Pacific Coast did we ever see or hear of cormorants being mistaken for destroyers of young salmon or trout. Their legs were like paddles with fully palmated fins on them, their mouths are double-jointed, one might say, there is a wicked tip on the bill to hook in the little fishes with. Far up the coast they were using the skins of the cormorants for trimmings for clothing—they can have it! The Chinese take advantage of the really magnificent swimming powers of this dirty bird and, by placing a rubber ring on its neck and letting it dive for fishes, and by taking about nine and giving it the tenth, they have developed a wonderful fishing-bird.

These baby cormorants would interest my boy readers. The mother bird will glut herself with fish until her stomach is well filled, then she squats down beside her flabby skinlike youngster and regurgitates and opens her bill and gullet and as she

"gurgles" into that fishy cavern the alert wee naked bird dabs its bill and pulls out a tasty(?) mouthful; it attacks this well-stored cellar until it is fairly bursting and then the mother dives off and eats some more—both mother and bird eating their own weight of fish daily at this period, it is thought. Note that all these myriads of young cormorants are fed from the small coarse fishes in the nearby seas.

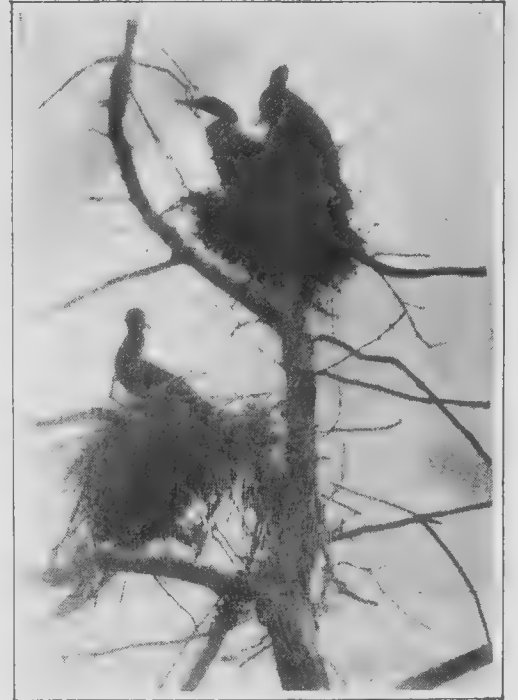
We did not distinguish any double-crested cormorants, and the Mexican one does not come up along the Pacific to British Columbia, so far as we observed. There is also a white-crested one out there. Neither the heat of summer or the floating ice of spring seemed to affect the nesting and the feeding of these myriad birds which are found right from Vancouver Island clear north to Alaska. The double-crested cormorant is the one you see so

much inland, feeding on minnows and chub and suckers, the slower the fish, the greater numbers they congregate in, and are the best feed for these big blackish-brown birds. From the Rockies to the Maritimes we saw but few of these birds; a solitary one here and there; to us it is a bird of the seacoast, and the gulfs of big rivers, like the St. Lawrence. The late John Macoun, the great authority of our flora and fauna, from observation, gives us for the Maritimes both single-crested and double-crested cormorants. We are working here now. One day, as we were paddling down the Tabusintac river near its mouth where the lagoons occur and where the most remarkable "Black Lands" are, we saw, in the

mimic swells of the shallow flats, a single bird swimming. It dived as we approached and Laddie picked it up (we carry licences to take and nurse—or destroy the incurable—wounded birds along the great migration. Man, the telegraph wires and old age are the three most prevalent causes of their sad condition. We have seen great numbers of birds strike the telephone wires and die instantly, or live with one or both wings torn off). Here was a major break, I think impossible to mend in this

foul fishy bird by any of man's aids. The specimen was very savage, snapping at us repeatedly. It could dive, even if it could not swim. I pictured Laddie while he was holding it. He had wisely slipped a bill clasp on, as a rasping bite from some of the birds is a mighty hard thing to cure. It has one of the most beautiful eyes in nature, a delicate sea green veined iris, startling in its purity, almost gem-like, resembling a green-tinted opal, amid such a rude coat of brown and black feathers and atop such a snake-like neck. When we added the missing tail-feathers the count was twelve. As there were no white marks on any part of the bird, it belonged to the double-crested cormorants.

We found to our astonishment, New Brunswick wardens on the rivers having licences to kill off the



Cormorants on the Nest in British Columbia

kingfishers, cormorants, grebe, loons, mergansers and supposedly trout and salmon-eating ducks. The cormorants were diving as much as the wild ducks do, from the surface of the water and not from the air—though I have seen hawk-pursued wild ducks dive in out of the air. They stay down less than a minute, as the ducks do. Never in years of work here and seven years in Nova Scotia have we seen a cormorant diving where it could get either salmon or trout regularly.

In Nova Scotia by canoe and caravan, and also by that slowest of all progress, by ox team, we searched for cormorant work. We made many trips for these and for moose work. Have you ever ridden a buckboard? or a Red River cart with wooden wheels? or yet a farm wagon over a corduroy road? Actually these are all smooth, tame progresses beside an ox-wagon. We put the duffle in and the typewriter and the cameras, tucked them in all ox-proof and then laid the canoe on top of more hay cushions and off we went on our creaking, mournful-sounding pilgrimage. The road was bad, but when we came to creek-beds and the oxen most deliberately forded them—up! would go one side of the cart—up! and over a big boulder and down, smash!—it was worse. Then we would run up alongside and sort the fragments and pile things in carefully again, and load ourselves down with more smashables—all the time the bally cart was going ahead like Fate, up the creek bank, and such things as prostrate trees did not halt the big

patient oxen a bit, they just stepped over them and hauled the cart after. It took from mid-day until after dark of an August day to get out there and we could actually have walked the trail in a bit over an hour. Here was a lake, the Mic Chic—just a gouged out ditch-like bed half filled with the most tremendous boulders that ever the glacial ice carried. We grounded

upon one in mid-lake that reminded us of a gigantic hippopotamus standing submerged there, and as it was, a lot of red granite the resemblance was very close. It is heart-breaking to paddle along in twenty-five feet of water, with a following wave, and suddenly g-r-a-a-t-e!—crunch! and there you are, aground in mid-lake on a mighty rock in a canoe of the immense thickness of two three-eighths

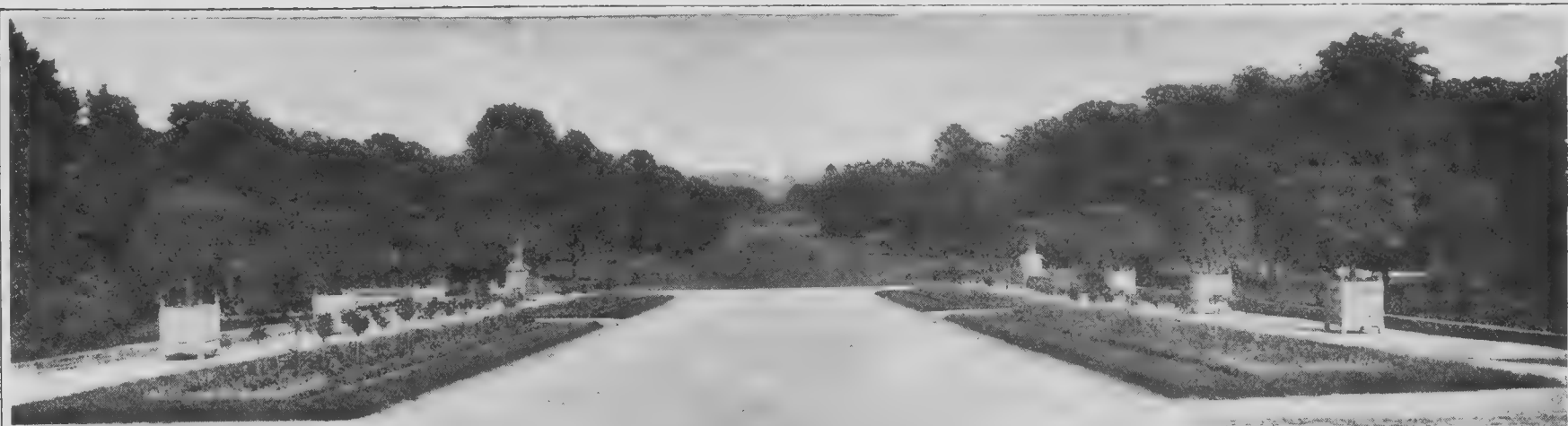
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A double crested Cormorant on the Atlantic Coast



About 2000 Cormorants make their home on Perce Rock, Quebec



THE MAGNIFICENT GESTURE

By
Francis Dickie

The Alley of The Beaumont—the most magnificent love token in history

HISTORY records many famous deeds performed by men, or at their order, to mark their love of mother, wife or maiden. The most remarkable love token of all the ages is that of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte to his bride, Marie Louise. Fortunately for the people of today the example of this so-romantic action can still be seen by visitors to France, or the photograph of it can be looked upon by people in other lands. It is, indeed, by very reason that this picture can be looked upon that the fullest realization of the magnificence of Napoleon's gesture can be brought home to a reader.

In the year 1810, Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of the glory of his amazing career. It was then that this warrior-genius, this almost world-ruler, who had in so short a time sprung from the position of an insignificant lieutenant, succeeded, as the crowning mark of his career, in arranging a marriage with the daughter of one of the world's most noble families.

On the fourth of March, 1810, Marshal Berthier, great aide-de-camp of Napoleon Emperor of France, was sent to Vienna to marry by procuration the Great Archduchess, Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. Berthier was the bearer of a coffer full of presents sent by the Emperor to his young bride. Among other priceless jewellery was a necklace composed of thirty-two diamonds of very large size, the value of which was \$250,000, with earrings to match to the value of \$100,000. There was also a portrait of Napoleon, the frame encircled by sixteen solitaires, which had cost \$150,000.

It was a marriage planned for political reasons only, to secure the throne of France to Napoleon by founding a dynasty of truly royal blood. Great a man as Napoleon was, it seems there still lurked in his heart a respect almost approaching reverence for people of noble birth. It was one of those strange weaknesses found even in the most powerful people of the world whose heritage is a so-called "humble" one. This man, who so short a time before had been so obscure and poor, who was born of the people, derived an immense satisfaction in linking himself with the highest of the world's nobility. Yet this arranged marriage with a mere child he had never seen, planned purely to satisfy his pride and future ambition, was at the sight of his bride at once transformed into one of a great love on the part of Napoleon at least. It is customary to think of Napoleon as a great leader, warrior and conqueror, and difficult to imagine him at a woman's feet, adoring her and catering to her every caprice and wish. Perhaps that is why historians have made so little of Napoleon's magnificent gesture, significant of his great love for Marie Louise, a gesture wrought upon the face of Nature which

still remains today as a token of his homage long after bride and groom have departed from the scene of their triumphs and misfortunes, the story of which is here set forth in fullest detail.

MARIE LOUISE was only a child of seventeen upon the day she set forth by carriage for France to meet her husband for the first time at Compeigne, where the second and official marriage was to be ratified.

Immense preparations, costly and most elaborate had been proceeding for many days in advance of the event. In particular, the ceremony of Marie Louise's meeting with her husband had been arranged with great care by all the authorities on court forms, usage, and customs ruling such an unusual affair. Napoleon, the man of the people, had been thoroughly drilled as to his deportment during the ceremony, when a descendant of one of the oldest royal houses in Europe was to be united to the once poverty-stricken and unknown little general from Corsica, whose sword and lucky star had brought him to the throne of France, though no so-called blue blood flowed in his veins.

The first portion of the planned ceremony consisted of two magnificent silk tents pitched at the gates of the town, one on either side of the road. A carpet of exquisite texture was laid from one tent to the other. In one tent it was intended Napoleon should wait until Marie Louise had arrived at the other and changed from her travelling clothes into garments suitable for the meeting.

At a given signal, Napoleon, accompanied by his suite, and with all pomp and ceremony and ritual called for by the occasion, was to proceed across the carpet and formally receive his bride. After this the party was to proceed to the Castle of Compeigne for the wedding.

But all these wise men of the court, notables on form and ritual and custom, these sticklers for etiquette among the mighty, had failed to reckon with the impetuous nature of the Emperor. Some time before the hour when he was to repair to the tent in readiness for Marie Louise's arrival, Napoleon was already bored and fretting. Presently an advance messenger arrived on a horse sweating and blown to announce that the Empress and her suite had just left the little town of Vitry a few miles distant.

Five minutes after the messenger's arrival, Napoleon disappeared. Without suite, and incognito, accompanied only by his brother, the King of Naples, Napoleon rode at a gallop to meet the line of carriages that had just left Vitry, in one of which was his queen, whom he had never seen.

Unrecognized by anyone, the Emperor galloped up to her carriage. When it stopped, and the footman, recovering from his surprise, drew open the door and announced: "The Emperor," Napoleon stepped in and threw his arms around his bride, who, never expecting such a greeting, was speechless and blushing, though doubtless her woman's heart thrilled and was pleased that for her sake her husband had so snapped his fingers at court conventions.

With Napoleon seated at her side, the carriage proceeded at a gallop, leading the line of carriages it dashed on towards the gates of the city. Reaching Compeigne, the carriage drove over the

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The Empress Marie Louise, painted by Nether. The Empress is shown with her son. The strong resemblance of the child to Napoleon is extremely striking



Simon flung wide the door, every stiff red hair on his bullet head bristling hostility, "We're not expecting company," he growled

JOHANN LIND

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

SIXTH INSTALMENT

Hawthorne . . . God pity us! Tom Higgins saw her with his own eyes on the train with Johann Lind!"

"Nonsense!" Herman shot out the word. "A fool's guess-work, you'll find better explanation."

Lena dabbled at her swollen eyes disconsolately. "You forget it takes money to travel, Herman; someone must have arranged her ticket."

At last Helga's slow suspicion took fire. Sure now that a key was presented to a dozen mysteries she burst out heatedly: "Tish! you forget the breed, Herman. What a Lind wants he takes. Now I understand that secrecy and sudden haste. Ja, and maybe the reason for Eli's putting off her marriage again and again."

Lena squirmed at sound of that but, mother-wise, preferred a daughter reluctant to a daughter unsought. Nevertheless, conscience urged a mild defence. " 'Twasn't that—least not at first. Andre's ambitious—"

"Ja, thank God!" repeated Helga vehemently, "and too much of a man to take advantage of your Eli. Tish! if you come to think of it Eli always had a soft way with her when Johann was around . . . Herre Gud! the deceit these days! Ja, that's what hurts—not Eli's weakness, Lena, but Johann to play my Andre such a trick!"

There it was again: Andre, Andre, Andre; nothing mattered except as it affected Andre. Lena froze in her chair, too shot with anger for instant response. Helga's pity was as hardly bought as Simon's; they were alike indifferent to all that lay outside their own personal aims and favor—both selfish to the core. Hard and clear, Lena's answer came at length. "Herman is right, Helga, it's a fool's story—Johann may have lent her the money, that is all."

"Men don't lend money to women for nothing," snapped Helga in high dudgeon, "not that I ever heard of."

"For shame, mistress!" old Herman got to his feet indignantly. "You dishonor yourself, Helga Boen, to voice such a thought. Nu, da, since I'm at it, let me admit I've always found you simple but never such a fool before!"

No less agitated Lena fumbled with her wraps; anger, dismay, and a nameless regret for the death of something utterly precious warring in her heart. "Ja, shame on you, Helga," she echoed bitterly, "to hint the like of my little Eli. And all this come upon her through your Andre, that wonderful spoil-pet with never a thought except for himself. A fine lover! If Johann cared enough to entice her away at least it's human—Ja, more luck to him, say I!"

"Tish! I thought so. Nu, da, you can have your

AT COFFEE-TIME next day Lena Berg, breathless and disheveled, flung in over the Boen threshold. "Helga! Helga!" she cried, hands before her like a dream walker, her eyes glassy-bright. "Helga Boen, where are you?"

In her haste to respond Helga upset the basket of wool old Herman and she had been carding and the soft, cloudy masses entangled about her feet. "Troll take it!" she kicked the precious stuff impatiently. "Nu, da, Lena, old friend, what is it? Herman, quick, get a cushion. Ja, sit nu—it's a long run over the meadows."

Lena fetched a great sigh. "God help me!" she groaned. "To give pain for comfort is hard. Helga, you'll not believe it, but Eli and Johann—"

"Woman! Woman!" cautioned old Herman sternly.

"It's true, old Grandfather, it's true; Little Eli could stand no more—Herre Gud! If you knew the whole of it—"

"But what is it?" demanded the mystified Helga shortly. "I can't make sense of what you say at all."

Lena rocked in an agony. "Ja, ja, I'm coming to it fast enough: yesterday my Eli disappeared. She's gone to the Ness, I thought, and said so to Papa when night fell and she hadn't returned . . . but it wasn't so. This morning Papa went to

fine opinions, Lena Berg, and your choice of a son-in-law, but don't expect me to welcome Eli to this house with open arms."

Pride kept Lena firm. "So! This, then, is the end of friendship? . . . You'll not welcome Eli; you'll not forgive—Simon won't have her; you'll not have her . . . God give Johann Lind has a kinder heart!"

Meanwhile in Winnipeg Eli was facing her paternal aunt in the Baard living-room, finding the ordeal peculiarly terrifying, wishing with all her strength Johann hadn't gone. Emma Baard, built like a rhinoceros, was like her brother in everything but size. His views were her views; his code her code. He had wired her to be on the watch for the runaway and to draw her conclusions—Grim, massive, she eyed the trembling fugitive coldly. "What kind of craziness do you call it, running away from a good home with a doubtful character?"

Timid little mouse, heart a-hammer in her breast, Eli came back valiantly: "Don't say it, Aunt Emma. He's not a doubtful character—he's not! He's good and kind and helpful. It's just a mistake, dear Aunt Emma. I ran away myself."

"Good, kind, helpful young man to bring you here? And do you expect Andre to overlook such behavior?"

"What behavior?" wailed Eli, wringing her hands in rising despair. "I've done nothing, Aunt Emma, but come straight to you. Johann phoned Andre's office but he wasn't in; he was up the line, they said, looking at land. Ah, it's true, true; and if he cares, shouldn't he be glad I've come?"

"Ja, and the money—where did you get the money to come to your Andre? Tell me that, bold little minx?"

Anyone less steeped in selfishness than Emma Baard would have seen the horror clouding Eli's guileless blue eyes. "Aunt Emma! Aunt Emma! don't look at me like that! Haasji Van Meiris, a dear friend, gave me the money—"

"Troll take it, what a story! You must be worse than I thought; impertinent, untruthful. And what, may I ask, do you propose to do?"

"Why I—why—" began poor Eli desperately. "I meant to get work. . . . I thought you'd take me in."

"Ho, ho! you flatter me, young lady. You thought I'd take you in—and so I might with your father's permission. But it happens he has forbidden my giving you houseroom except at Andre's behest."

Eli was never very certain of just what followed. Aunt Emma raced on, fat face very red, green eyes flint-hard, and the room went round in circles. Haasji had talked of leading one's life, but Haasji was wrong, you had no life, you were just a candle lighted at the parental fires and snuffed out at will She remembered thinking that and, in a desperate effort to escape annihilation, rising to her feet, saying something that made Aunt Emma laugh, and rushing into the street.

When the door closed behind her Eli faced the evening shadows with no idea of where to go. Every fresh sound struck her as menacing; every dwelling seemed a laughing mockery. And her aunt's narrow green eyes she felt certain were following her progress down the street, boring and spying, cruel weasels of destruction.

At the first intersection she turned down Logan walking as fast as weariness permitted, noting in time the ever-increasing "Rooms to Let" and "Room and Board" placards posting the old street on either side. Evidently there were places in plenty to lay one's head but, with less than twelve dollars between her and the wind Eli decided to fix upon a shabby house, set in a garden of gnarled trees, and agreeably distant from the noisy street.

The woman opening to her knock was short, healthily plump, wreathed in onion smoke and smiling from behind horn spectacles. "Is it a room, yes?" said she, so like Vrouw Van Meiris that Eli took fresh heart of grace.

"Please, yes. I'm so tired and don't know where to go."

That Mrs. Rischshaw offered her cupboard of a room at the original one-fifty per week after that ingenuous confession bespoke her character and

honesty. "It's not big," she explained superfluously, squeezing by the bureau to deposit Eli's grip under the window. "Not big, but clean, and all my girls are respectable. There's four—two 'chambers' and two 'shirts.'"

Eli's blank expression called for additional explanation. "You see, we call them by trade. Hetty and Selma Raabe work at the Leland Hotel; Mabel Cobb and Tess Stillman in the Western Shirt Factory. If they come home early I'll make you acquainted. I like my girls to be friends, it gives such a family feeling—Ma Rischshaw they call me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Rischshaw, but tonight I'm very tired—"

Mrs. Rischshaw peered closer with nearsighted eyes. "Sure, poor baby, you look it. Now, how about a cup of tea?"

Eli had borne up under Aunt Emma's uncharitable reception, Ma Rischshaw's kindness dissolved her in tears. "Prut, now, jungling, you're cold and hungry. Come, there's Pee Wee in the kitchen singing his head off and Bunty just as like stealing the cream. Pee Wee never sings so loud 'less Bunty's up to something."

In the cheerful kitchen between sips of tea and nibbles of golden toast and shy passes at impudent green-eyed Bunty, Eli told as much of her story as shyness and discretion permitted. Papa and she, unfortunately, hadn't been able to agree—and Aunt Emma had taken Papa's part. That was the gist of it; that

and the burning desire to make good. She had to find work at once; oh, yes, she just had to succeed! Ma Rischshaw nodded, liking well Eli's transparent honesty, her desire to shield others from blame and her obvious innocence. "Sure, you'll succeed. Tess will find you work, and for fifty cents extra the kitchen is yours; and now, jungling, you better go to bed."

After all Eli slept soundly, waking with a sense of well-being impossible in Emma Baard's big house. The tiny room was full of light and from the kitchen issued peals of happy laughter and the tantalizing aroma of brewing coffee.

Jumping from bed Eli began a hasty toilet thinking the while how lucky she was and how glad Mama would be to learn of it. Poor Mama, left to face Simon's wrath! Timid, swallow-shy, she paused in the doorway, too bashful to speak, her questioning eyes pleading for her. "Come in, come in," a chorus hailed her.

"Sure, child, come in," Ma's rich contralto topped the rest. "I'm doing lunches for the 'shirts'—Here, Tess, where's the string? . . . Eli, meet the girls. That's Het and Selma by the fire, and these imps pestering me are Mab and Tess."

"That's right, blacken my name from the start!" shouted Tess, making a pass at Bunty with the dish-towel. "Now, Miss Berg, take a little salt with Ma's brew; she's a base deceiver. Hey ho! get that cat, it's in the cream again—as Ma said, I'm Tess Stillman at your service, the meekest lamb of all." Thus Eli's introduction to Tess, the beginning of a curious attachment, for the vivacious, black-eyed Irish girl was as drawn to the pale, flaxen Scandinavian as Eli to that whirlwind personality. It was Tess perfected Eli in the technique of "baching," teaching her the mysteries of mock-oyster and duck; how to press laces on window panes, soap runs in her hose, not to mention lesser things. And it was Tess found her a job on the button-machine right next her own "double-stitcher," and the button-machine paid ten a week when you got your hand in!

NOT until the fateful Saturday Tess decided to introduce Eli to the "gang" at Casey's had the happy girl given thought to Andre. It had been such an amazing fortnight, filled with strange experience and glad content. But now, watching

Tess struggle with the tuck in the dress she herself was to wear—to dazzle the lords of creation—she suddenly thought of him and felt, somehow, a traitor. "Tess," she confessed shyly, "I've not told you before, but there's a friend. . . ."

Tess flung down the dress, staring impudently at the blushing Eli. "Hey ho! a friend? And where, pray, have you been meeting him, my sly young puss?"

"Tess! I haven't! You know I haven't . . . why, how could I? I've been with you most all the time."

Tess's laughter filled the tiny room like a gale. "Between most, and all, there's a considerable gap, dearie. Out with it; make a clean breast—it's good for the soul."

"Dear Tess, it's true! I haven't met him, I don't know where he lodges; I'm not even certain of the firm where he works . . . yes, I know it sounds impossible. But, you see, he'd not like the way I came—"

"Save me!" shouted Tess, "what next? Is he a parson, or just a plain ass?"

Eli giggled. Thoughts of Andre in the cloth too much even for her gravity. "Oh, no, no! He's not a bit what you imagine. He's tall and fair and very ambitious. We're to be married—that is, we were to have been married, when he'd gotten a proper start—"

"Why the 'were'?" demanded Tess sharply.

Eli fidgeted, painfully conscious of tell-tale blushes. "Because," she repeated shamedly, "in running away I had to board the train with his foster-brother. Someone saw us, and—and didn't understand."

Tess whistled. "You never can tell," said she. "Now who'd have thought a quiet little mouse like you could stir such a fuss? I'll say I'd think better of myself if I were you. But as for that model sweetheart, forget him, dearie; most likely he's turned Mormon to satisfy his virtue. Forget him, Eli, unless he's man enough to hunt you up."

For the time being Eli was glad enough to adopt Tess's counsel. She wanted to be happy this night of her first city dance; to put from her all thoughts of duty and obligation, great and small. Tomorrow she could face them; tomorrow she must, for there were letters to write to Mama, to Haasji, and, if she dared, to Johann. So many, many things to do on the morrow; but tonight she would enjoy herself.

Enjoy herself she did—for a flawless, shining hour. Dressed to bring out the Dresden daintiness of her soft flaxen beauty Eli drank the heady wine of admiring glances lavished freely. She was pretty! She was besieged with dance-cards! And Tess was proud of her! The happiness of being thus approved wiped from consciousness the worrisome pain, now so seldom absent, together with each warning advanced by her old doctor—all else was forgotten save the radiant joy of being approved by this reckless laughter-loving company so different from any she had known.

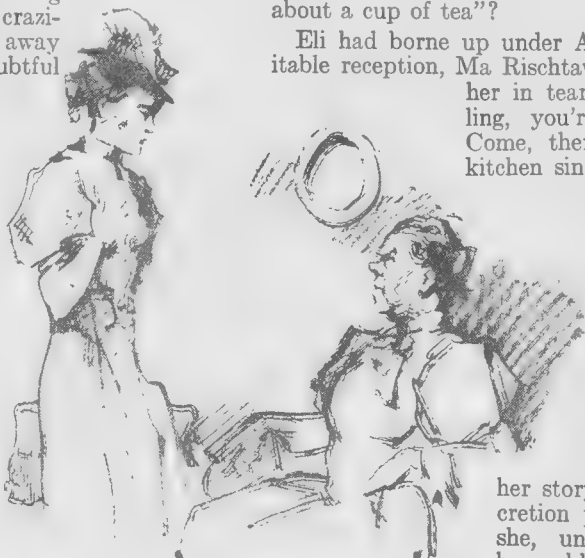
Alas for such flawless joy! In a while it grew apparent that something mechanical, a defiant gaiety, colored Tess' manner. Eli, sensitive as a flower, at once voiced her concern to Mabel, busy fanning herself after a dizzy reel with a perspiring haberdasher. "Oh, dear, something does seem to worry Tess—I wish I dared ask her."

Mabel, wise of old, shrugged significantly. "Better not, I'd say! It's that chap she's so crazy about . . . he's late, as usual. And let me warn you, dearie, if the fool creature doesn't turn up, make yourself scarce—see? Slide home; Tess has a full-grown temper once it's roused." A pleasant young man, slightly bald, ended the confidence by claiming Mabel, leaving Eli to her thoughts.

Nothing loath to rest awhile, she slipped off to a secluded corner the better to watch the dancers and especially Tess, whose gay sallies came less frequently and stormy eyes kept darting doorward. Why doesn't he come; why doesn't he come? wondered Eli nervously; oh, why—

Laughter, triumphant, passionate, chime-rich, riding that sea of noise eagle-proud cut her short. He had come! He had . . . then she saw him. No! no! Dear God, it couldn't be; dear God, it mustn't be . . . Eli covered her eyes, praying for strength,

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The Romance of Rachele Mussolini

FROM MILKMAID AND FARMHAND TO "CAESAR'S WIFE"
AND "COUSIN OF THE KING"

By Ignatius Phayre

"Don't Even Think of Such a Lad as My Benito! Better Throw Yourself Under a Train! For Married to Him, You'd Never Know Happiness or Peace"! (Alessandro Mussolini, the Humble Inn-Keeper of Forli, to Rachele Agostini, then a Servant in his Kitchen)

IF YOU saw this story flickering on the most extravagant screen of the "movies" you would say: "An impossible idyl! All very well in emotional fiction but as for real life in the everyday world—!"

Yet here it is in scenario form, to show that the bare facts of life can transcend any fiction—as, indeed, the news of the day so often demonstrates:

A WRETCHED peasant hovel in the forgotten commune of Predappio, in the Apennine Hills. The hut is thrown together anyhow, with stones picked up in the fields and smeared with crude local plaster. There is no heating; the interior is utterly cheerless. The beasts of the field are better housed than these people; for which reason women and children huddle on winter days in the crazy nearby stable, there to knit or spin and gabble close up to the warm bodies of cows and horses!

Among these gossips is Anna, the widow of Guido Agostini, a farm-hand. Anna has been left with a large brood of children to maintain by manual labor in the open air of all weathers. So Rachele, her eldest, became a worker as soon as she could walk, feeding the cattle, cleaning out the hovel, and at five years drawing a family's water from the old well on her sturdy infant head. A bare two years of primitive schooling was all that ever fell to the lot of the wife of Europe's foremost dictator!

From the age of eight, little Rachele slaved beside her widowed mother. No other word is possible for a dawn-to-dark day of barefoot watch alike in seed-time and harvest; guarding the flocks of Romagna, carrying produce to the market-town on her head, and returning to a wretched "home" with a still heavier load of kitchen utensils.

Yet long after the historic "March on Rome," the wife of a man greater than any King could turn again to those lonely Montemaggiore uplands for what she called "a vacation in full freedom"—which meant sitting once more in the lean-to shed with the old croines and babes and the munching cattle of the peasant long-ago!

Was there anything at all to distinguish little Rachele Agostini in those early days? Nothing out of the common set this girl apart from other children of the commune. And, like them as they grew up, Rachele had a spell as maid-of-all-work in a city (Rimini) house.

ALESSANDRO MUSSOLINI, who once combined the incompatible rôles of hedgerow teacher and village blacksmith, has grown tired of both jobs; they mean too much work for the

merest pittance of pay. He has therefore opened a little *osteria*, or country "pub," ("L'Agnello," or "The Lamb") on the outskirts of Forli. In this modest venture old Mussolini was joined by Widow Agostini. And the two were soon so busy, serving skins of wine and macaroni, with roasted kid for the more affluent patrons, that Rachele had to be installed as dish-washer and cleaner in general. Anna did the cooking, mine host shared drinks with the convivial carmen, or he talked politics and played cards and bowls in the manner portrayed by the Dutch masters of painting. . . .

"My son is coming home," Alessandro announced one day. That would indeed be an event; because Benito had been put out of Italy for five years, having begun as a boy to preach rebellion against the existing social order. Those five years of exile (his father explained) had not bettered his Benito's state. In Switzerland (customers of the *osteria* were told) the lad had actually begged for bread in the streets, and slept upon the stone benches of the public promenades.

Little did young Benito dream as he trod that bitter Dante-road of banishment that he would one day dictate to kings and treat with great powers, or have the Pope himself looking to him for a settlement of the "Temporal Power"—which has made a recluse of the Sovereign Pontiff himself for over fifty years!

THE Prodigal Son has come home at last to the wayside inn—which is now not "Lamb"-like at all, but uproarious with socialistic doctrines of a perilous sort. Old Anna Agostini keeps out of the way. Both she and Alessandro are warning Rachele against Benito *she* is now seventeen and he twenty-four. And as the girl brought up wine from the rat-ridden cellar she would listen spellbound to the fiery tirades of this impetuous youth fresh from foreign parts, and full of extravagant notions. So Love began and grew, laughing at all obstacles in the old, old way! That those warnings were needed, was soon apparent. Benito went off to Austria, and there got into more trouble. He was promptly deported, and turned up again in tranquil Forli, where he had a cool welcome from everybody—excepting his beloved Rachele! He insisted on marrying her now. And soon Edda, their baby daughter, was born—to have her name coupled in due course with that of the Crown Prince Humbert, as the future Queen of Italy!

THE next act opens in the great City of Milan, which is the dynamic business centre of modern Italy. Benito Mussolini is now running the Socialist paper, "Avanti," (Forward!). And that "Red" sheet is so headlong in its mission to reform the world that its young editor is twice seen in gaol! Now follow years of obscure suburban life. The boy, Vittorio, is born to them and so later is Bruno—the pair of them overflowing with the riotous spirits of their father.

In Milan the Mussolini family had a chequered career. Benito was ever a headstrong fellow; his principles never changed and all had to suffer

Donna Rachele Mussolini

Photo by Underwood & Underwood



accordingly. He spent a year in the thick of Italy's most disastrous war, and experiences at the front only confirmed him as the stern Cromwell of root-and-branch revolution in a very sick State.

By 1922 Benito Mussolini was already head and shoulders above all other reformers of the bad old Italian régime. Then came the historic Fascist "March on Rome," and the Dictator stayed—to treat with royalty as something more than an equal, and to receive the classic Collar of the Annunziata, which conferred upon the once bare-legged milkmaid of the Romagna the title of "Donna," and made both husband and wife into "Cousins of the King"!

DONNA RACHELE is now the consort of the world-famous "Duce," who rules classic Italy with a firmer grasp than ever Cæsar could attain or the Romanoff Czars in Muscovy. Yet as Mussolini's wife she has no part whatever in his control of the State. She still dwells apart in Milan. She never goes to Rome; and Mussolini's Palace there is still without a hostess!

Throughout his five years of absolute dictatorship, never once, either in public or in private, has the famous Duce been seen with his wife, nor has he ever referred to her. The lay ruler of Modern Italy has no "social" life at all; his career seems to be summed up in the terse phrase of the French Monarch: "L'état, c'est Moi"! If a banquet is due in honor of some great personage, native or foreign, it is given at a smart hotel in the Dictator's prevailing name. "I belong to all"—Mussolini proclaims grandiosely. "And he who belongs to all belongs to none"!

So, in separate cities, this august and singular couple live out their lives—though the renowned Dictator never forgets his loyal helper and seeks her sympathy in all grave affairs—as when an attempt was made upon his life in Bologna last year.

Donna Rachele's present establishment in Milan is simple enough. She keeps one or two servants only, and every day she personally escorts young Vittorio and Bruno to school. A fourth child was recently born to her.

As for Edda, the eldest, she is now quite a "Signorita," with a life-chart poles apart from the poverty and squalor of that Apennine hut which her mother tended as a child-slave with bare feet and no winter warmth save that of the stabled beasts.

Signorita Edda is quite extraordinarily like her father. This strong-willed girl refused to stay in the convent school at Florence to which her parents sent her this year. "I'd rather travel and see the world," she explained to them. And the great Mussolini has said she shall—no doubt with the memories of his own roving story upon him!

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Photo by Underwood & Underwood
Benito Mussolini

Window Valance of Wood or Iron

Gives a Very Finished Air to the Window Furnishings

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE valance made of the material used for the curtains, is as familiar and almost as useful as the curtains themselves. As a matter of cold fact, however, the ruffled or shirred valance is sometimes overdone; the idea gets hold of some people that the window that is left unvalanced, is left incomplete. Now although this article is really about valances—special kinds of valances—and their use, I cannot resist putting in a word for the omission of the valance altogether, when a better effect might so be achieved. There are windows and treatments that are much better with no emphasis of the horizontal line; plain up-and-down lines seem to give them far more meaning. Sometimes this is because the window is as shallow as it can well stand to be; the addition of a valance not only takes from the actual height of the window, but *appears* to reduce that height still more, by giving the eye a strong cross-wise line to follow. Again, the shape of the window, the atmosphere of the room, will suggest that straight-falling side curtains, mounted on a good rod and perhaps finished with draw-cords will carry just the impression of quiet dignity that is required.

But most people like valances, most windows take kindly to them—and there is no doubting the fact that when the effect of a valance is good, it may be *very, very good*. So let us assume that our whole concern is the study of just what can be achieved by what we might call the more permanent types of valance and *how* we should go about the achievement.

Metal valances are by no means new, although they are being given a most delightful modern development in wrought iron; it is inevitable that the appreciation that is now being accorded to iron, and which is turning more and more craftsmen and artists to the production of charming accessories and even furniture, should take the dressing of the window into consideration. The result is that we can now get very interesting curtain rods, poles, brackets and so forth, in hand-wrought iron, and along with these, designs which we might include in a broad sort of way with our valances. There is a utilitarian rod on which the curtain is mounted in the ordinary way; then there is another cross-piece of a decorative nature, which, set forward a little, is outlined against the top of the curtain. Sometimes the design is quite severe, a simple conventional treatment; again, it takes charming form as a delicate tracery of leaves, a graceful vine-like pattern very attractive against certain fabrics.

The wooden valance, however, is in much more general use and it has the advantage of a much lower cost—in fact, it can very well be made by the home craftsman. The boy who has studied a little manual training at school, the man who delights in using a few simple tools, will take a good deal of pleasure in fashioning valances for windows they would improve. If there is any difficulty about the cutting of the first board, it is a good plan to get your carpenter or the lumber merchant to cut it; it is no trick at all, after that, to cut more from his pattern.

TO DO the whole job, however, these are the requirements:

A pattern, cut from stout wrapping paper or stencil board.

Well seasoned, kiln-dried boards (such woods as pine, birch, maple, are usually chosen), cut to the required depth, usually 9 or 10 inches, and to the measure of the over-all width of the window, plus an inch-and-a-half to allow for the two end pieces; perhaps another fraction of an inch, to allow for planing and smoothing, would not be a bad idea. The two end pieces will also be needed for each board. Sometimes a sturdy wall-board is used instead of lumber, if the finish is to be given with paint. For the stained or antiqued or waxed finishes, only the appropriate woods will serve the purpose.

ized pattern can be finished in soft greens pricked or with the rather dull metallic paint, and a simple scallop design can be brightened with a metallic line set, perhaps, just within the real border color. There is plenty of scope for one's individual artistry in the decorating of valance boards.

The design of the board for the room that is even slightly formal should stick to an almost classical simplicity. The more intimate room, such as the bedroom, may adopt a slightly more frivolous, a lighter, gayer note, if desired. Even the kitchen window can be improved very often by the addition of a shallow, scalloped wood valance finished in a hard, durable enamel, and probably with no further attempt to adorn it, unless by a border of contrasting color.



A graceful valance lends importance to the window treatment and finish to the general effect

The usual sturdy curtain rod and its brackets, are mounted on the end-pieces of the valance board.

Paint or stain or whatever finishing material is to be used. Fascinating effects can be achieved with the new lacquers, which lend themselves so readily to decorative uses.

Decoration—sometimes merely a matter of color contrast in borders, bands and so forth. But it can go on to include a number of methods. We think immediately of that old stand-by—the stencil. It can be used on the valance board in all its variations—border pattern, a centre motif in conventionalized or informal design, panelled insets and so on. Then there is the stencil's relative—the transfer, in full color. Very attractive designs can be bought—from old-world suggestions of sailing vessels, to the ultra modern splashes of vivid color and intriguing design.

Cut-outs—either those originally intended as such, or motifs such as a bright bird, a basket of flowers, a flowing tendril of vine—can be applied and given a protective coat of transparent shellac. Color prints, wall-papers and so on, offer any amount of suitable material for this purpose. Even the curtain chintz will yield a motif. In the colonial room, quaint little black silhouettes of the folk of the period, of their ships or their coaches, will lend quite a touch. A black border painted around the mounted picture, frames it in just the right way and with no little distinction.

Sometimes a little gilt or silver paint can be used to advantage, if one is careful to avoid a hint of rococo effect; a border of leaves in conventional-

NOW as to the practical procedure. Having equipped yourself with the lumber, the pattern and the finishing materials—what next?

Measure very accurately, for the exact centre of the board. The pattern will be applied from the centre mark, first to one side and then the other. It must be secured to the wood very firmly before being traced and for this purpose, thumb-tacks are superior to fine tacks or rather undependable pins. When one half has been traced, reverse the pattern and do the other half.

You are now ready to cut the outline. In doing the actual sawing, keep a tiny bit—about an eighth of an inch—outside your outline mark; this is rather like “allowing for the work” when you are dress-making; leaves a little for the necessary smoothing of all the rough edges with your wood-file or spokeshave.

The two end pieces that hold the valance board at the required distance from the window frame—four inches usually gives nice space for the curtains to hang gracefully beneath—are then fixed firmly at each end of the valance board. Small as these end pieces are, they must be given similar treatment to the main board; not, of course, in the matter of major decorations, but the edge must be cut in the manner of the long board, and any border design repeated.

The application of the finish and the decorations may precede or follow the putting on of the end pieces, according to which will be the more practical. When using paints, be generous in the allowance of drying time between coats; as for all other painting, this makes for a superior finish. With the ground finish complete, the tracing of designs or the application of transfers or cut-outs, or when one is artist enough, the addition of original decoration may be carried on; and where necessary, the final protective coat of shellac is given the applied motif.

WHEN there are several windows to be valanced and they are all the same size, the work proceeds very speedily and simply. Variation in the size of the boards calls for proportional variation, sometimes, in the size of the decorations. This is not always the case, of course. A border scallop, square, pointed or curved, or a painted border of a certain width, might be identical on windows of quite different size and still look quite correct. But in a panelled treatment, let us say, or something that emphasizes proportions, the reduction in scale would be advisable.

Mr. Sid Ward,
Advertising Writer,
Fils. Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir; I saw that ad your wife,
Ann Ward, told you to write and
I don't think much of it.

There wasn't a word about
Fils. Naptha for baby clothes and,
believe me, they take some washing.
I've raised five children and I know.
It's just wash, wash, wash! I never
found a way to make that washing

as easy as reading a book, but I
did find Fils. Naptha took the dirt
out easier. I suppose that's the
"extra help" you talk about — the
"good golden soap and plenty of
naptha, working together". But what
ever you call it if I do say so, my
babies had the cleanest, whitest,
sweetest clothes I ever saw.

Another thing your wife
forgot was how handy Fils. Naptha
is for cleaning around the house. I
never found anything like it for
floors and woodwork, yet you say
nothing about such uses.

Then, too, you talk a lot

about grease. That might make someone
think Fils. Naptha is good only for
heavy washing. That's not true! If it
were I'd never have used it on my
babies' clothes. Goodness knows they're
dainty and cost enough. I use Fils-
Naptha on all my fine linens, too, and
for everything in the family wash
and I've always said how wonderful
it is for keeping colors bright and fresh.

I hope you appreciate that
this letter is in good spirit and meant to be
helpful for, though I don't know your wife,
I have always considered myself a good
friend of Fils. Naptha Soap.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Elizabeth Adams

Sid Ward,
Fils. Company,
73rd St. and Woodland Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Do Trees Have Feelings?

I NEVER seem quite able to get away from the feeling—a feeling carried over from childhood—that trees feel; and that, most of all, they so often feel neglected. People pass them by day after day and, in hundreds of cases, never take the slightest notice of them; they couldn't, for the life of them, tell whether that was a birch, beech or maple they passed just now, and have passed hundreds of times. "They never even noticed me! They never even noticed me!" a tree often seems to piteously call. It seems almost a sin to pass by a tree without noticing it. There is something so vital, so breathing, so akin to our own life, and such a feeling of friendship—seems to emanate from trees, that we cannot but regard them as the most wonderful, most beautiful, and, indeed, the most miraculous of all God's natural creations. Then there is so much history involved in the life of a tree; there are so many well defined stages. There is romance, too.

Have you ever been ashamed of trees? I owe them an apology, for I have. It was on the occasion of my first visit to the city of Boston, when but a young girl in New Brunswick. My Boston friend introduced me to her American friends with this laughingly-given footnote:

"Down in New Brunswick, where she comes from, they even run their trains with wood! And every little while the trains stop to let the trainmen out to shoot a bear or a moose."

Of course I blushed ashamedly, as I declaimed the untruth of the remarks. However, it does not do to be vindictive, but it gave me considerable satisfaction to learn, not long ago, that I could now "literally" throw those remarks "back into the teeth" of my American friends. This came from Washington:

"Canada's wood-pulp has found its way into the very mouths of United States citizens, not as a food but as an accessory to dental operations. A new use for wood-pulp has been found with the discovery that it makes better dental 'dams' than cotton. 'Dams' are the little cylinders of absorbent material with which dentists fill their patients' mouths before filling a tooth. Millions of them are used in the country every week.

"Wood-fibre has proved better than cotton for this purpose because it breaks neatly when a fit must be manoeuvred, and it trails no fuzz to catch the revolving wheel."

MORE and more, trees are coming into their own. Every few years a new use seems to announce itself, so that one can scarcely resist wondering if man could not well exist if nothing but trees were left to him: food from them; shelter from them; clothes from them; his pleasures from them—so, next time you pass a tree, take off your hat to it!

Wood used to be considered such a common thing in Canada that no one worried much about wasting it—had we not "wood to burn"! Now, what a change! Wood has become such a commercial asset to Canada that we have come to regard trees as almost our most precious possession; and therefore, are ever seeking to devise new ways of protecting them.

In the last few years the Government of Canada has spent thousands of dollars in patrolling the forests with aeroplanes in connection with protection from fire—the forest's most deadly enemy, which caused a loss to the country in one year alone—1923—of \$46,696,722; it is estimated that

By Marion Wathen Fox

of our original forest wealth we have burned 555 billion cubic feet.

I was intensely interested and amused last summer when holidaying in Nova Scotia, at the reports of a "mysterious" aeroplane that had been reconnoitering in a certain rather remote district, "above the woods." Some good souls even fearfully recalled the Halifax explosion, as though there might be similar sinister motives back of the two. Finally, we got at the truth of the matter, which proved even more interesting.

It was a Government aeroplane, sent there under the Entomological Service to try out an experiment for

killing the budworms from the spruce and balsam-fir trees, an outbreak of which during recent years had killed hundreds of thousands of trees; in this way it is estimated that from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 cords of wood have been destroyed in Eastern Canada alone.

The trees were dusted from the plane with a very fine powder, a combination of calcium arsenate and lead arsenate. The aeroplane used was specially designed, after the style of those used in the Southern States for dusting the cotton fields to destroy devastating insects.

The powder was distributed from a hopper in the front, while the plane was in motion, flying very low—probably twenty feet above the trees. The wind from the propeller swept the dust backward in great clouds, dropping it about the trees so that scarcely a single needle was left without a thick coating of the dust; a swath of probably one hundred yards was covered at one time.

Carefully selected spots in extent varying from eight hundred feet to two miles in length, and from two hundred feet to a quarter mile in width, were treated thus. In the different tracts they used dust of varying concentration, as this work is still at the experimental stage and the work done during the past summer was largely to determine the best kind of dust to use, and the cost per acre in carrying on the work on a large scale. Favorable reports of the success of the experiment have already come from Cape Breton, where it was tried out a little earlier.

The Canadian Government, realizing the danger of the entire loss of our spruce and fir forests, because of the enormous areas already destroyed by the budworm, are now contemplating another plan which, in the course of time, is almost sure to entirely destroy Mr. Budworm: importing from Europe, for liberation in our forests, a certain parasite which they have been led to believe will act as a budworm parasite.



Aerial view of the Manitoba Pulp and Paper Mills at Pine Falls, seventy miles northwest of the city of Winnipeg

DO YOU remember the time—away back, when in the "spare-room" clothes-closet of your old home "Mother's black silk dress" hung in state! to be donned only on very special occasions! And how, when there was a wedding in the family, it was almost considered a disgrace if the bride had not a black silk dress as the apex of her wedding finery! And as for silk hosiery—in those days, in Canada at least, whoever heard of anyone wearing "silk" stockings unless at their wedding or at a "ball"! and even then only the very "toniest" folk. As for silk lingerie! Such a thing had been scarcely imagined or, at least, was only spoken of in hushed tones, as being the prerogative of royalty.

And every school-child crooned glibly: "Silk is prepared and spun by a worm," and listened breathlessly to the romantic story of how, in the far, far-away countries of China and Japan, silk so wondrously came into being, and was brought in the big ships over the ocean to us—so it was very, very precious and therefore very costly! As a rule, every girl who listened to the story in those little school-rooms, there and then, visualized herself as some day being "a great lady"—"dressed all in silk," like the princesses of the fairy tales.

Now—here we are! getting silk right in Canada—made, bless you! from just wood, common old trees, that we used sometimes to be ashamed of living amongst—and (largely) from the very most common of all our trees—spruce. Beautiful, lustrous, gleaming, brilliantly colored silk—made from Canadian wood! What next?

I think sometimes that the trees themselves must rejoice because their silk regime began not with formidable "black silk," but with this "rayon" (artificial silk) that has made its debut into the world in vivid, pert, brilliant artistic colors; a very galaxy of wonderfully designed colors in the rayon dress-fabrics and the lovely gleaming bed-spreads; and what dainty, delicately-tinted hosiery and lingerie!—colors the like of which our grandmothers never saw, or of which they never even dreamed. Trees in our mouths! Trees on our feet! Trees next to our skin! Trees for our dresses! Trees on our beds! And, our silk-from-wood industry has just begun!

The process for the making of artificial silk was first discovered in 1882 by a French nobleman, Count Hilaire Chandonnet, who labored at the process for over thirty years, and, finally established in his own country the first plant for the manufacture of artificial silk. Before the war France and Switzerland led the world in the manufacture of artificial silk; but since then, the United States and Great Britain have been the largest producers and exporters.

The growth of this new industry; the manufacture and use of the first man-made fabric, has been simply phenomenal. The entire world production in 1900 was 15,000,000 pounds. This year, Great Britain alone, will have an increase of 11,000,000 pounds over last year, her total output for the year being 36,500,000 pounds—nearly double her last year's production.

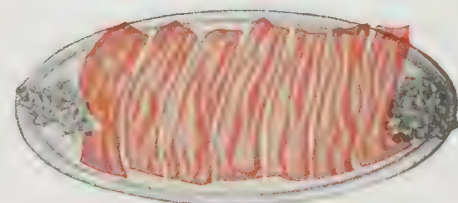
The first Canadian plant for the manufacture of artificial silk was established under British interest at Cornwall, Ontario; but, apart from this, Canada's part in this big new industry has been, supplying the sulphite pulp (the same as used for the manufacture of paper) to Great Britain, United States, and some European countries—we did not seem to have the equipment, organization, or markets to produce the thread, yarns, or finished fabrics.



Aerial attack on forest pests—Specially equipped aeroplane spreading insecticides over a spruce forest in the Maritime Provinces in an experiment to discover a method of controlling the spruce budworm

Continued on page 57

Swift's Premium



Try Premium Bacon

With other meats. Premium Bacon gives added richness and improved flavor to many meats such as lamb chops and tenderloin.

With fish. Split the fish, lay strips of Premium Bacon across it, and broil.

With eggs. A joyous combination, either fried with eggs, or chopped in omelets.

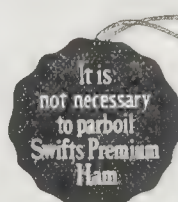
With salad. Broiled, and served as a savory accompaniment to any vegetable salad.

With vegetables. Baked with beans; boiled with beets, turnips, carrots, greens, etc.

In sandwiches. Broiled, and combined with toasted cheese, crisp lettuce, onions, etc.

WHEN you buy bacon, be sure you get Swift's Premium. Look for the white parchment wrapper with the Swift name and label on it—as shown above—and the words "Swift's Premium" stamped indelibly on the rind. Famous for its succulent tenderness, its distinctive mild flavor, Swift's Premium is the favorite of thousands of housewives and cooks. With fat and lean in just the right proportion, Premium blends appetisingly with other foods and makes them unusually tempting.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for the "No parboiling" tag when you buy a whole "Premium" Ham or when you buy a slice.



Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

"Famous for Brookfield Butter, Eggs and Cheese"

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell

No Royal Road

ACCORDING to the *Woman's Magazine* of Toronto (our justification for quoting a woman's magazine on this page is the number of letters we receive from mothers) the late Lord Cowdray prepared a speech in anticipation of the presentation of the freedom of the City of Aberdeen. But on the day fixed for the ceremony, he was buried at Dunecht. Lady Cowdray, however, felt that the speech should be given to the world, and the following is an extract:

"I would like to say one thing to the young men and women who must carry on the work of the world. In no part of it—and I have worked in many—is there any short cut or royal road to success. And success includes much more than mere money-getting. I say this because I am often asked by anxious parents how they can ensure the success of their children, as if there were a secret to divulge. Nobody can ensure the success of another. A man must stand on his own feet.

"The inexorable law is character, and let every young man ambitious to succeed feel he has lost his way until he finds a job which absorbs all the best of himself.

"Success is sweet. Today I realize how profoundly sweet it is but the joy is in the doing. Not the end of the journey but the travelling is what makes life worth while."

Wesley and Work

ACCORDING to the Bible Student, published by Pickering and Inglis of 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, to which reference has been made before in these columns, John Wesley declared: "I have more hours of private retirement than any man in England." This would lead one to believe that his working hours were short, but it is reported that his programme of work was as follows:

He averaged three sermons a day for fifty-four years, preaching all-told more than 44,000 times. In doing this, he travelled by horseback and carriage more than 290,000 miles, or about five thousand miles a year. His published works include a four-volume commentary on the whole Bible, a dictionary of the English language, a five-volume work on natural philosophy, a four-volume work on church history, histories of England and Rome, grammars on the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French and English languages, three works on medicine, six volumes of church music, seven volumes of sermons and controversial papers. He also edited a library of fifty volumes known as "The Christian Library."

He was greatly devoted to pastoral work. Later, he had the care "of all the churches" upon him. He rose at four a.m., and worked solidly through to ten p.m., allowing only brief periods for his meals.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 13.—Chemist.

Duties: Under direction, to conduct highly specialized chemical, analytical, and research work. To make physical and chemical analyses of solid, liquid, and gaseous fuels, with special reference to liquid fuels such as crude petroleum, gasoline, illuminating oils, fuel oils, lubricating oils and greases, crude and shale oil, bitumen and coal tar oils; to assist in investigational and research work on petroleum and its substitutes involving fractional distillation and pressure cracking processes, for the production of motor oil and other petroleum products; to design and to supervise the construction and operation of special apparatus for investigational work; to compile data and to prepare reports for publication; to instruct and to direct assistant chemists, junior chemists and laboratory assistants; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to graduation in science from a university of recognized standing with specialization in chemistry and chemical engineering; at least four years' experience in investigational and industrial work, two years of which shall have been work directly connected with petroleum and other chemical pro-

ducts; familiarity with work of the type conducted in the fuels and fuel-testing division of the mine branch; a thorough knowledge of research methods and practice; ability to prepare for publication the results of investigations; initiative; good judgment; research ability; and supervisory ability.

Spoonerisms

A SLIP of the tongue, especially the transposition of initial sounds in words immediately following one another or close together, is known as a spoonerism. Spoonerisms have their origin, it is said, in the tendency of Professor Spooner of Oxford to make transposing slips. Dr. Spooner, it is said, has denied this weakness, but without success, for the following are attributed to him:

Is the bean dizzy this morning?

You have already tasted three worms here.

It is kistomary to cuss the bride.

The park was full of beery wenches.

A blushing crow.

A well boiled icicle.

Man to Usher: "Someone is occupewing my pie."

Usher to man: "I will sew you to another sheet."

In the same volume from which these specimens are extracted, Crowell's Dictionary of English Grammar and Handbook of Usage, is given an interesting list of college slang expressions:

An ag. is an agricultural student.

To bone is to study hard.

Canned is failed or suspended.

A fire extinguisher is a chaperone.

Lunch hooks are hands.

A parlor snake is a ladies' man.

A shorthorn course is a short course for farmers.

A sprung quiz is a surprise test.

A yearling is a freshman.

A wiz is a bright student.

Woody is confused.

On the grammatical side, this volume of seven hundred pages by Maurice H. Wescen, an associate professor of English, is one that will stand the test of constant reference. The publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Avenue, New York, have produced a number of handbooks on various subjects that lend themselves to dictionary arrangement, this being the third of the series. The fact that the grammatical points are all in alphabetical order makes it easy to refer to any disputed or doubtful point. Should we, for instance, say None are, or None is? Turn to N on page 421 and the following complete explanation will be found:

Since none is a contraction of no one or not one, it is logically singular. A few grammarians hold that none should always be used with a singular verb. But these are in the minority. The King James version of the Bible has "none were of silver," "none of these things move me," and "be-ware that none touch the young man Absalom." Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Pope, Dryden, Southey and many others have used none as a plural. This fact gives weight to "none are" but does not make "none is" wrong.

The present tendency is to use none freely as a plural and to use no one to stress the singular idea, as "None of the members are missing and no one is more pleased than I."

On the question of grammar generally, the following interesting passage occurs:

"Modern grammarians look upon language as a social utility and feel that all levels are needed. Instead of laying down arbitrary rules seeking to purify and fix usage, they stress the study of language facts as they are. Instead of classifying everything as right or wrong, they prefer to regard usages as better or worse, giving due weight to fitness and context. They look upon language as a living and growing thing and hold that grammar was made for man, and not man for grammar."

Among the thousands of points discussed are the following: Grammatical terms, rules of grammar, principles of composition, literary terms, common errors in grammar, words that need watching, standards of good usage, westernisms, synonyms, and foreign words and phrases.

What to Study

NO. 4.—Why study modern languages?

The necessities of trade and foreign travel demand that foreign tongues be mastered. Moreover, such study will increase our understanding and appreciation of foreign peoples. Foreign literature may become to us a source of light and inspiration. The knowledge of a European language is useful to leaders in the professions. If a man means to keep fully abreast of the times in any art or profession, he will wish to follow the German or French journals of scientific progress. In spite of the real need for the study of foreign languages, many students are without sufficient purpose in the work. With some the study of a foreign language is a matter of fashion rather than of serious intention.

Representative Plays

THE Little Theatre Movement in Canada has brought about a larger interest in plays by authors in many countries, and to meet a growing need, Charles Scribner's Sons, educational publishers, of 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, are publishing a series of attractively bound and printed volumes under the general title of Representative Plays. These are excellent for summer reading and cost no more than the ordinary passing novel.

Two of the popular volumes are Barrie's Representative Plays, and Galsworthy's Representative Plays. The first contains The Admirable Crichton, which was played with much success by students of the University of Manitoba.

Country readers who are interested in short plays as literature or as possible subjects for stage presentation, will enjoy reading these books, which contain explanatory introductions by well-known scholars. The Barrie volume includes the following plays:

The Admirable Crichton.

Quality Street.

Dear Brutus

The Twelve-Pound Look.

What Every Woman Knows.

The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.

The volume by Galsworthy includes these plays:

Loyalties.

Justice.

A Bit O' Love.

Strife.

The Pigeon.

The Silver Box.

Each play is accompanied by stage directions which, while they are sufficient for the play setting, should be read as part of the play itself. Many colleges and universities have adopted the books for use in drama and composition courses.

Succeeding With What You Have

A FRIEND told me recently of three young men who were on their way to an Eastern university to take up a professional course. It was estimated that one thousand dollars was the amount necessary for fees, equipment and living expenses for the period involved.

"How much have you?" said one.

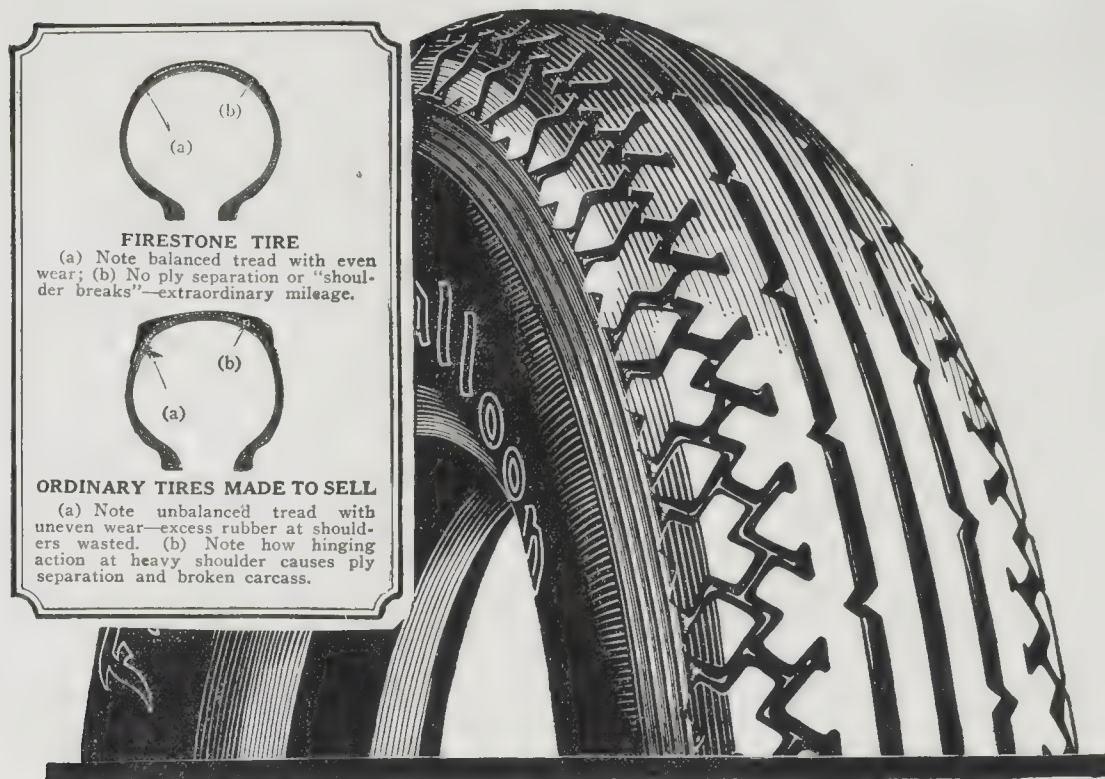
"Nine hundred dollars," was the answer.

"And you?"

"Seven hundred dollars," said the second.

The third, however, in response to the same question, brought out a scanty roll of bills and confessed that he was starting on the great quest with only seventy dollars.

They all got through and secured their degrees. How the third one made his way was not related, but the point is that he got through, succeeding with what he had. No doubt he had to stint himself more and was hard put to it to raise funds as they were needed. What courage, though, to accompany, with only a tenth of the necessary finances, two companions well equipped for the struggle.



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with rubber to withstand the terrific flexing of the Firestone tread. Gum-Dipping reduces internal friction and gives thousands of extra miles of service.



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LOVERS-FORM Corset takes years off the figure by giving pleasing, proportionate lines to bust, waist and hips.

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Priced according to Quality and Size;
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Regular Stock Sizes 30" to 50" Bust

Seek out a LOVERS-FORM dealer, otherwise send us your bust, waist, and hip measurements, your height and weight, and we will see that your needs are taken care of..... immediately.

Ask for beautiful dramatized booklet
W-8 "Youth is Style."

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demused condition should warrant. The boys expressed the opinion that it might be too much coffee.

"It isn't the coffee," he confessed. "I can stand almost anything in the liquid line. And I never thought I could have too much of Mary's company. But dang it, boys, there's the hitch. Is it me she's after, or is it my money?"

The bunkhouse pondered the situation. Kale's money was not enough to be considered wealth. But on the other hand, if Kale hankered after being beloved for himself alone, there was enough to make a man doubtful. There must be some way to resolve this doubt.

"We'll tell her the bank's busted," piped up Shorty.

"She'll plumb soon find out it ain't," countered Slim.

"Let's tell her you lost it in a jack-pot."

"Huh! And have her throw Kale down for gambling."

"Let's stage a hold-up. Kale kin draw the money out and we kin hold the stakes till Mary makes up her mind."

Kale vetoed this with a promptness that savored of sinister suspicion. The bunkhouse threw up the question in despair.

"Good-night! Let's all go and tell her we got a bigger swag than Kale. If she falls for us Kale will know where he stands."

The gleam of genius in this last suggestion was not lost on Kale. He detected the fine reagent to test his lady-love. Bringing down his hand on his leather chaps with a thwack, he shouted his approval.

"Now you're logging. That's the eye, boys. If she falls for the one that puts up the biggest story I've got her number right there. How shall we break the news?"

A Cup of Coffee

Continued from page 6

"Tell you what, Kale, you tell her how well heeled we are. Tell her we're all richer than you. That will give you the dope on her just as well."

That sounded reasonable, so Kale decided to play his own crafty game with Mary. The bunch awaited his report with anticipation.

"How did she take it, Kale, when you told her what a bunch of capitalists we were?"

Kale shook his head.

"Danged if I can make her out," he confessed. "She looked interested, and she asked a lot of questions, then she quieted down like she was turning over something in her mind. Looks like she was cooking up something, all right."

"Gosh, what can it be? Lord, hope she don't pick on me."

At this obvious ungallantry Kale glared. Was not Mary still his chosen one, albeit for the moment conditionally. A sudden nightmare conviction seized upon Slim.

"I'll bet a blue chip she's got a bunch of old maid sisters and cousins she's planning to bring in

"Won't you have a cup of coffee with me?" she invited engagingly



the proposing point, but something, for a time his diffidence, and later his doubts had halted him. Now he must go through with it.

He resolved that the very next time the coffee pot made its appearance he would release his pent-up heart. And he eagerly watched for the opportunity. But no opportunity offered. The coffee pot shone serenely on its hob and Mary herself, serene as her morning pots and pans, took no notice of him as he haunted her doorway. This was disturbing, but not as disturbing as it might have been, for the rest of the bunch she simply scorned. And for a week they had frijoles, their pet aversion, to like or lump as they pleased.

Kale grew haggard in his unhappiness and thought seriously of quitting. This emotional mystery was getting too much for him. He shunned the kitchen and hid himself to the farther reaches of the ranch where barbed wire needed fixing and intrigue was not. If chance had not placed upon him the necessity for delivering a quarter of beef to the cook-house he would never have gone near the

Continued on page 43



*Danger
Lurks in
Darkness*



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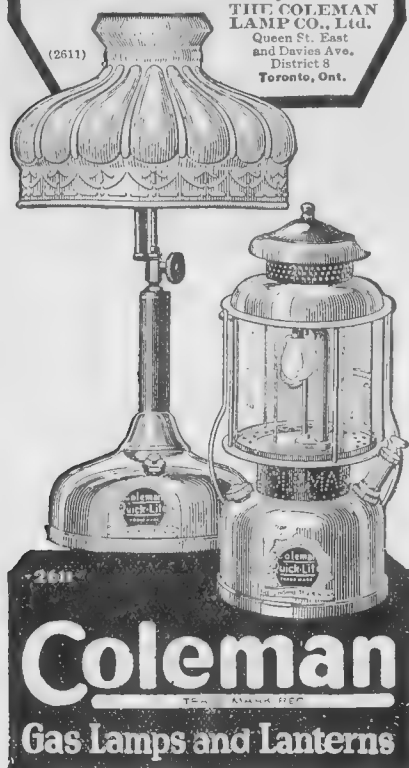
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The Quick-Lite Lamp is brighter than 20 old-style oil lamps. Its soft, pure white brilliance is easy on the eyes—ideal for every family use—reading, sewing and for the children to study by. Fuel is motor gasoline. No wicks to trim; no chimneys to clean; no daily filling. Price \$11.00.

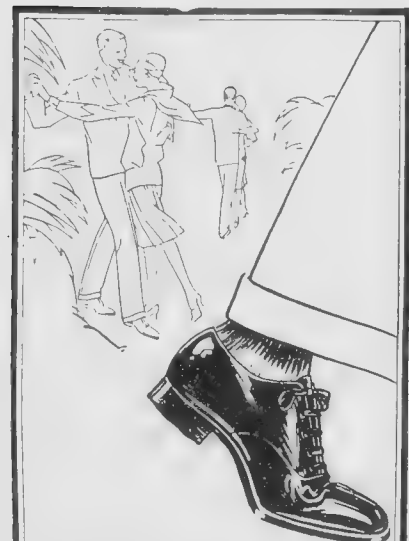
The Quick-Lite Lantern is the handy, all-purpose light for outdoor chores, around barns, sheds, feed lots, granaries, garages, cellars, etc. Built on same principle as the lamp. Has mica chimney—rain-proof, wind-proof and insect-proof. Safe—can't spill fuel even if tipped over. Two popular models: L427, with built-in pump, Price \$10.50; L327, with separate pump, one dollar less. 35,000 Dealers sell Coleman Lamps and Lanterns. If your dealer is not supplied, write us. Dept. 3511

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100 shines for 15 cents.

There's a Nugget shade
for every shoe made!

55

Johann Lind

Continued from page 12

everyone in. My God, for all I know she's got a dozen!"

"Tess, Tess, don't be irreverent, You're in a temper, jungling, and no fit judge. Give the poor little thing a chance."

"Give her a chance—that man-eater? You should have seen her putting across the give-me-sympathy stuff!"

At last Ma imagined she had the right of it. "Prut, prut, jungling, I thought you knew so much about men? So much, and don't see he's playing your own game! You've forgotten, hein, that machinist he discovered with you at the Grand?"

Tess' black looks melted in shining relief. "Ma, Ma, you old pudding. Here, let me kiss you. . . ." God bless old Ma; she was always right. It was true, she had flirted outrageously—though not so often since Andre's advent. Still — Pshaw! she had a fiend's temper and most likely Eli wasn't so much to blame after all.

"Give her a chance to explain, anyway," Ma urged gently. "Whatever it was she's moping a-plenty. I heard her crying fit to break her heart."

Tess yanked out a mirror from a ridiculous handbag, scowled at the pretty image, and, popinjay fashion, sprang to her feet. "All right, Ma, I'll give her a chance. Just one! A second slip and Gabriel himself would pipe in vain till Doomsday!"

Ma arose at eight next morning determined to start the day right with sugar-muffins; Sunday being a day of special favors anyway. Hetty and Selma, dull-eyed for lack of sleep, appeared in due time, ate her delicacy absent-mindedly and hurried off to Mass. Prut! she might have spared herself that extra egg. Well, at least they were out of the way, and with Mabel sleeping till noon as usual the peace between Eli and Tess might be better effected.

But Tess had her own notions about reconciliation. Long before Ma ever thought of quitting her feather bed she had stolen to Eli's room, and found a very sick girl, indeed. Instantly her heart took fire with living pity. "Eli, Eli, poor baby," she crooned, squeezing in the cot beside her, gathering the feverish girl to her firm young breast. "Poor kid, poor baby! nice mess you've made—working up a cold like this!"

Silent and bittersweet, Eli's tears coursed her little feverish face. "Oh, Tess," she moaned. "Dear, dear Tess, never believe I'd want to hurt you."

Tess, contemplating the soft yellow hair brushing her cheek suffered momentary misgivings but, swiftly maternal, kissed the tear-wet face. "Hush, now, Eli, I don't care what you do, dearie—so long as you stay clear of—Andre!"

Eli lay very still . . . Tess thought she was sleeping.

GREAT was Ma Rischshaw's relief that peace once more reigned in her little house. But as the days passed a new anxiety presented itself. Her little "jungling," as she oftenest called Eli, had a dry, hacking cough that yielded nothing to goose-grease and flannels. It troubled her exceedingly and led to no end of experiments, all of which Eli accepted gratefully. She had need of kindness; the letter sent to her mother had been returned unopened, re-addressed in her father's bungling hand. That night was an endless nightmare filled with tortuous thoughts of her mother's misery. Poor, poor Mama, what mustn't be her suffering; her troubled doubts; her hopeless despair. She should go back. It was her duty. Yes, yes, she saw that now, but could she? Would her papa take her back?

In the morning she was too ill to go to work, which precipitated fresh fears. She'd lose her machine; lose her job—be adrift once more. Lose her job? Not while Tess Stillman knew how to "touch" the boss—leave Scarle Mason to her; she'd fix him. Fix him she did, and within a week Eli was back at the shop trying desperately to forget the past and acquire that not insignificant efficiency which brought a crisp ten-spot in the pay envelope Saturday night.

Doubtless because of her illness and subsequent depression nothing had been said of Andre, though Eli knew by her gaiety when Tess had been in his company and suffered panic lest the topic be brought up again. She only wished—and prayed God that one favor—to forget and be forgotten by him.

Not so Andre. In the house of Simon, mute, passive, mouse-like, Eli had seemed little more than a necessary means to her father's money. But in that atmosphere of light and music, exhibiting a spirit never shown before, she had awakened haunting interest.

Back in his lodgings he began upbraiding himself for letting her slip away; to wish he had acted on Johann's letter and hunted her up. The upshot of it, he visited Emma Baard, got that lady's unstinted opinion, which, if you please, placed a considerable responsibility on his graceless shoulders. Only he, so said Simon, could rehabilitate the truant Eli!

On his way back he thought the thing out carefully. Simon's contention was pure rot, of course, but Simon's bankroll an enticing argument. With another loan he could prove his acumen to Mr. Killam, whose speculative eye already turned his way. That being so and (according to Helga), the Bergs in this flurry about their daughter it might pay double dividends were he to locate Eli. In the midst of which noble conclusion he suddenly remembered Tess and the factory. What an ass he'd been not to think of that before! That accounted for their intimacy—they worked together at the "Western!"

At the lunch hour next day, Eli heard herself called, in a voice of all the world most unwelcome, as she left the factory. Andre Boen, smiling blandly, coming towards her from the confectioner's across the street. "Go away!" she cried in panic lest Tess should spy them. "Go away, and leave me in peace. No, no, I don't want to speak to you—please, Andre, let me go."

The flash of her eyes and the delicate pink staining cheek and brow flattered his vanity. "Oh, come now, Eli," he laughed, drawing her arm through his, "don't carry the thing too far. Remember, mine's the injury, if anyone's. Why, great heavens! what about your escapade with Johann Lind?"

"You lie! You know you lie. There wasn't any escapade—there wasn't anything! Besides, caring nothing about me why can't you leave me in peace?"

"What makes you say that?" he fenced, casting about in his mind for some happy reconciliation. "Isn't it unfair?"

"Unfair? To whom—me or Tess," she flashed back hotly.

Andre drew her closer. "Now, Eli, surely you don't think I take that wild young savage seriously? How could I, with your sweet little self—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Eli wildly, "I won't listen, I won't—Please, Andre, let me go."

He gave her a rough shake. "Now, that's enough; you're making a show of us both. There's no occasion for it, and don't forget I've a certain right—a right your father's only too willing I'd press. Besides, the scandal you've started will take a lot of living down."

Eli felt herself slipping into a bottomless pit; every terrifying thought that had rendered the night sleepless and the day dreary taking shape to jab her once again. Everything he said was true. Unjust or not, she couldn't go back unless he made peace for her. And poor Mama must be mad with worry. Dear Mama needed her so! Came then the image of Tess to mock her with ingratitude. "Oh, Andre," she wailed, "let me think it over . . . please, I can't make up my mind . . . I've got to think about it—Andre, let me go."

Never before had she demanded the right of decision, that human stubbornness amazed as much as it amused him. "Very well," he laughed, "until tomorrow, I'll meet you at six. We'll take dinner uptown."

Everything else forgotten, Eli dashed back to the factory, hoping to regain the respite of a few moments quiet in the cloak-room. But, no sooner had she hung up her coat than a mad fury pounced

Continued on page 30



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The Western Home Monthly

This page gives valuable news concerning business investments, building developments, insurance and kindred subjects



A QUESTION of long duration and of paramount importance to the Western Provinces has been recently decided by an agreement entered into between the Province of Manitoba and the Dominion Government. For many years the Western Provinces have been demanding from the Federal authorities the return of the natural resources taken over by the Dominion Government on the entry of the different Western Provinces into Confederation. The claim of these provinces to a return of these resources has been denied heretofore under many pretexts. For a long time it was contended, particularly with reference to Manitoba, that as the Dominion Government "purchased" the land from the Hudson's Bay Company it was entitled to assume control of all the lands so purchased. In support of this contention reliance was placed on United States precedents.

With the passage of time it was felt that the plea of "purchase" and even the United States precedents was not sufficiently strong to supersede what was felt to be the natural right of the province to a return of its resources. Reliance was then placed upon the contention that inasmuch as the Federal authorities have used federal monies to purchase these resources they could not consistently hand back these resources without being authorized to do so by the other provinces. The authorities were thus able to repel the claims of the Western provinces by such a device and attempted to satisfy the repeated demands by increasing the annual subsidy, always, however, stating that such an increase did not connote any right on the part of the province to either the subsidy or the lands themselves. It was not until within the past ten years that the question of the constitutional right of the provinces was advanced and this claim has been steadily maintained, even though at times disunitedly, by the Western Provinces. In the negotiations with the King government each of the Western Provinces has acted independently, but it falls to the credit of Manitoba to have achieved its purpose and it is now only a question of time when the rights of the other provinces will be equally recognized.

The claim of Manitoba has been fully recognized in an agreement entered into between Premiers Mackenzie King and Bracken. The particulars of this agreement are contained in a statement handed out from the Prime Minister, which reads as follows:

Following a conference held at Ottawa on July 3 and 4, 1928 between representatives of the government of Canada and of the government of Manitoba, the results of which conference have since been approved by the two governments, agreement was reached as to the method and basis of settlement of the question of the administration and control of the natural resources of Manitoba, as follows:

1. The province of Manitoba to be placed in a position of equality with the other provinces of confederation with respect to the administration and control of its natural resources, as from its entrance into confederation in 1870.

2. The government of Canada, with the concurrence of the government of Manitoba, to appoint a commission of three persons to inquire and report as to what financial readjustments should be made to effect this end.

3. The commission to be empowered to decide what financial or other considerations are relevant to its inquiry.

4. The findings of the commission to be submitted to the parliament of Canada and to the legislature of Manitoba.

5. Upon agreement on the financial terms following consideration of the report of the commission, the respective governments to introduce the necessary legislation to give effect to the financial

terms as agreed upon, and to effect the transfer to the provinces of the unalienated natural resources within its boundaries, subject to any trust existing in respect thereof, and without prejudice to any interest other than that of the crown in the same.

6. Pending this transfer the policy of the government of Canada in the administration of the natural resources of Manitoba to be in accord with the wishes of the government of the province.

The agreement is regarded as a very important step in the direction of the return of the natural resources to the Province of Manitoba. For years this matter has occupied the attention of governments, and efforts have been made to arrive at a basis of settlement. The matter was fruitful of difficulties, however. It was not merely the handing over of the natural resources, but such action involved financial adjustments in which the eastern provinces of Canada were interested. There had to be agreement between east and west as to just what factors should enter into consideration when a basis of settlement was under consideration. Various governments have struggled with the matter.

Under the agreement entered into these questions are left to a commission, two members of which are from the west and one from the east. No doubt this commission will investigate the situation very fully before it brings in a report. This report will probably form the basis of legislation by both governments designed to give Manitoba full control over her domain. Thus it is not improbable that Manitoba will be in control of her natural resources by the close of the next session of parliament. In the meantime it is set forth that "The policy of the government of Canada in the administration of the natural resources of Manitoba is to be in accord with the wishes of the government of the province."

An excellent summary of the situation and the results of the agreement is contained in an editorial of the Manitoba Free Press which says in part as follows:—

"The constitutional equality of Manitoba is recognized and affirmed. The material adjuncts of that equality must be conferred upon the province by the Dominion. It is the duty of the commission, which is to be appointed to deal with this matter, to put this province in the position, as to financial standing, in which it would be if it had had full control of its resources since 1870. It is a task that calls for something more than facility in accounting; it can only be accomplished if the commission displays sympathy imagination and courage. We believe the people of Manitoba can be confident that the men who are to serve upon the commission will be fair and just, both to them and to the Dominion, which is all that they desire.

"The stipulations of Clause Five, as we understand them appear to be proper. They provide that the existing trust as to the School Lands Fund shall be continued, which is right; and that any legal claims, real or fancied, against the resources—if there should be any—will not be affected by the change in ownership from the Dominion to the Province, which is also right. We do not see in this clause any loophole for bringing in, in the final legal form of the settlement, provisions affecting moral, religious or political claims or issues.

"The Manitoba settlement paves the way for the settlement of the corresponding problem for Alberta and Saskatchewan. If these provinces act with promptitude this question, with its possibilities of strife and misunderstanding, will pass within the next year or so into the limbo of forgotten causes. For making this possible the King and Bracken Governments deserve well of the country."



The DeLuxe Sedan

Women show keen interest in Victory performance

The way women have received Dodge Brothers new Victory Six proves that performance as well as beauty interests them deeply.

Quite as much as men, they express keen interest in the Victory's supreme ability to accelerate more swiftly and maintain a higher speed than any other motor car in its price class. They appreciate, too, the Victory's unruffled comfort over rough pavement—especially when there are small children on the seats.

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They told us where present-day shaving preparations failed. They told us the four things they had sought in one. Then we set to work to give them these things in a new preparation.

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This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A FARMER recently purchased a grain separator from a large implement company. Under the provisions of the Farm Implement Act of Saskatchewan no contract for the sale of such an implement is valid unless it is worded in accordance with a certain form set out in the schedule to the Act. One of the paragraphs of this schedule is as follows:—"The Vendor warrants that all necessary repairs for said machinery other than standard bolts and nuts or straps or other iron or wooden parts usually made by blacksmiths and carpenters will from a period of ten years from the date of the order be kept at—in Saskatchewan, and that at the said place the purchaser will be able to obtain them within a reasonable time." In the contract in question in this case the words "for a period of ten years from the date of this order" are missing. The purchaser did not pay all of the purchase money and some time after he had used it the company retook possession of it. They sued the farmer for the balance due and he contended that as the provisions of the Act had not been complied with in the sense that the missing words were of the utmost importance he was therefore not liable. After due consideration by the Court of Appeal it was held that this defence was perfectly good and that as the Company had failed to comply with the express conditions of the Act they could not rely upon the written contract and the farmer was therefore entitled to a return of his note and of the purchase money paid by him with interest at the legal rate from the date of payment. The farmer was ordered to account for any benefits which he had received from the use of the separator during the time which he had possession of it.

Another case of importance to Rural Municipalities has been recently decided by the Court of Appeal of Saskatchewan, in dealing with the liability of inspectors appointed by a Municipality under the provisions of the Noxious Weeds Act. Under this Act a Municipality appointed a weed inspector for the destruction of noxious weeds and agreed to pay him a certain salary. The inspector was required to furnish weekly reports to the Municipality and annual reports to it and to the Department of Agriculture. During the course of his employment the Inspector engaged two assistants who in cutting weeds on a certain quarter raked them into windrows for the purpose of destroying them. The assistants set fire to the windrows without taking any of the precautions required by the Act passed for the prevention and suppression of prairie fires. The fire got beyond their control and proceeded to land owned by a certain farmer where it destroyed most of his hay and pasture, and burned a portion of his fence, causing damage in the sum of \$461.00. The farmer sued the Municipality on the grounds that through the negligence of its officers he had suffered damage. There was no question of doubt but that the damage was caused through such negligence and that the Inspector's assistants were paid by the Municipality. The Municipality however, claimed that it was the intention of the Legislature in passing a Noxious Weed Act to make the destruction of such weeds a duty of a public character and that when the assistants were acting they were not acting as servants or agents of the Municipality but as public officers in the performance of a public duty for whose negligence the Municipality could not be held liable. This contention was upheld by the trial judge and on appeal was again upheld. One of the judges in giving his decision speaks as follows:—"Upon these authorities I am satisfied that the Legislature of this Province

has imposed upon Municipalities the duty of appointing and maintaining weed inspectors in order to exercise in a convenient way a necessary function of Provincial Government. Inspectors so appointed, however, do not become the employees or servants of the Municipality but are public officers performing public services for the benefit not of the Municipality in its corporate capacity but of its inhabitants and those of the Province generally. It matters not that the Municipality in the present case actually authorized by resolution money to be devoted to the destruction of the weeds in question or paid the cost of such destruction, since in so doing it was merely discharging, not exceeding, its duties under the statute."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Regina, Sask.

Q. We have a small warehouse in connection with our business. A few days ago a man went into the warehouse towards evening. It was dull and cloudy outside and rather dark in the warehouse, and he did not notice that the elevator shaft was open and walked into it, and broke his arm in the fall. He is now threatening to sue us for damages and we would like to know whether we are responsible?—L. B. Company.

A. You have not furnished us with sufficient facts to give you an accurate opinion, but even in the facts supplied we do not believe that you would be responsible for the man's injury. If he had no right to be in your warehouse he would be what is usually called a trespasser and the only duty which you would owe to him would be not to willfully injure him. You might perhaps be held liable on the ground that the man was either invited or tacitly permitted to come upon the premises. For instance if he were coming to visit one of your employees, and such visits were permitted, then it might be that you would be responsible for the accident. You would most certainly be responsible if it was usual for you to do business with the public in the warehouse and this man came on the premises to do business with you, unless he had wandered away from the passages intended for the use of such persons.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Q. I am a married man with two children. I leased a second floor of a house from the first of May to the first of October. We were to have our electric light paid by the landlord and he was to supply any heat necessary, and his wife was to do the cleaning for us. A few days ago he made arrangements to lease the rooms to another tenant who offered him a higher rent and he says now that we must get out at the end of the month because we have not got any written lease. Can he make us vacate the rooms just because we did not put it in writing?—Lodger.

A. No, we cannot see how your lease can be terminated even though there is no writing. If you can prove the oral agreement to rent you the rooms for the time stated and that you have paid rent your landlord cannot make you vacate until the first of October.

Kenora, Ont.

Q. "A" and "B" are partners who own timber limits and their business is cutting timber and selling it for pulp wood. Both "A" and "B" owned the timber limits. "B" applied to "X" for a loan telling him that he wanted to borrow the money for the use of the firm. "X" loaned him the money and "A" signed a mortgage of the timber limits in the name of the firm. "B" kept the money and "A" has just now found out about the mortgage when "X" is going to

Continued on page 39

The Truth About Dull Film on Teeth

As viewed by the foremost dental authority of the day

Now leading opinion lays to film many serious tooth and gum disorders, as well as dull, "off-color" teeth. Remove it by this special film-removing dentifrice dentists urge.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, why do gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dentists answer in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing methods fail, a *special film-removing dentifrice* is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.



Most people's teeth are naturally lovely and white. What darkens them is found to be film, and film is held largely responsible for serious tooth and gum disorders.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germ by the millions breed in film, and germs with tartar—a prolonged film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film invites the acids of decay.

And you may remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize food starch from fermenting and forming acids of decay.

Still other properties firm the gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why it is accepted among dentists of 58 nations.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that



Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube at small cost from your druggist. Or write to nearest address below for a generous supply to try.

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Pepsodent TRADE MARK
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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Here's a recipe for coolness: At breakfast, take a bowl and fill it full of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.★ Pour in cool milk and add some fruit for extra flavor! Next a spoon--then just enjoy yourself! Repeat at lunch, if you like (and of course you surely will).

★ Kellogg's are the *original!* The world's most popular corn flakes! No imitations have ever equalled their wonderful flavor and crispness.

Serve Kellogg's for lunch and dinner as well as breakfast. For the kiddies' supper. Never tough-thick--but extra crisp. Always easy to digest. Delicious with milk or cream--with fruits or honey added.

Order at hotels, restaurants, cafeterias. On dining-cars. Sold by all grocers. Always oven-fresh! Look for the famous red-and-green package!

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Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

Johann Lind

Continued from page 22

upon her from behind. Eli screamed with the sudden shock of it.

"Shut up, little fool!" cried Tess, black eyes flashing, red lips curled in contemptuous hate. "Shut up and listen to me--"

"Tess! Tess!" The cry was a prayer, poignant and pitiful, but Tess was deaf to everything save the angry clamor of her own heart.

"Your lies can't help you now, Eli Berg. I've seen with my own eyes. Seen--do you hear? Oh, Eli, how could you do it?"

Eli made a last pathetic effort: "Dear, dear Tess, please let me explain. I can explain . . . I've kept it from you because I wanted you to be happy, but Andre--"

Laughing wildly Tess struck her on the mouth. "Lord, listen to her? She calls him Andre--shut up, before I kill you . . . She calls him Andre--she calls him Andre to my face!"

Little hands against her bleeding lips Eli waited, thinking in a pain-dazed way how good it were to die; how gladly she would die if only Tess believed. "Oh, Tess," she moaned, "what can I say? What can I do?"

"This, Eli Berg, get out and stay out--and at Ma's leave explanations to me!"

Never a shadow slipped away more quietly, left behind less evidence. When Tess came home that night Ma met her at the door: "Mein Gott!" was her perplexed and anxious greeting, "the little jungling has quit us; packed her things and gone without a word!"

THE winter passed uneventfully for Johann. He worked; he read; he took long walks about the country, finding in Nature that something human intercourse failed to give; an assurance of vast purpose imparting strength and poise. Friends he made among the natives who liked his blunt honesty; the villagers thought him proud, though why they couldn't exactly say. And Johann laughed, keeping his own counsel, thinking his own thoughts.

He had scant news of home. Helga, still smarting from the insult done her Andre, refused to write, and Ole, no hand with the pen at any time, found a line or two as much as he could manage. Herman alone wrote regularly, endeavoring to paint cheerfully a cheerless condition. It was true that gossip had affected a break between the two families, but he maintained stoutly that such things righted themselves. He'd seen the like time and again; Johann was not to worry.

Johann had other things to usurp his attention; debts to be met; loans to be transacted; he had little thought to spare for that tempest in a teapot. If he thought of it at all it was to hope that Eli was safe in Andre's keeping. And doubtless she was, for Andre had written expressing his eagerness to help her all he could. Then, too, now he was alone, the memory of Sheila revived to haunt him; all she had been, all she had meant, spoke from the pale sunlight, the virginal reaches of snowy field and pine-scented forest; she was everywhere in essence and forever elusive. Nor did she haunt him less when Anton wrote that Miss Patrick was to marry the new doctor. The Miss Patrick who was to marry the new doctor was not the woman he regretted.

In March, Johann left for Winnipeg, where he meant to spend a few days visiting old acquaintances and attending to necessary business. In the latter he was successful enough; in the former a dismal failure. To begin with, Andre, from whom he craved a definite understanding, was gone to Argyle to estimate farm values for the firm, and the two friends he most wished to see had both removed to the Coast. That is why Saturday night, with all Winnipeg pleasure-bent, found him aimlessly walking West Portage. The old city was spreading; Deer Lodge the next encroachment; it pleased him to see for himself this phenomenal growth.

The night being mild he took no trace of time so that returning, swinging at last down "Main," he found the crooked

old street well nigh deserted save for occasional merry-makers hastening homeward through the thickening downfall of feathery spring snow. Johann had not been conscious of weariness before but somehow the darkened buildings roundabout and the hurrying pedestrians reminded him that the morrow was a busy day, and rest most grateful.

Rounding William, on Main, he saw by the City Hall clock that the last north-bound car for the Avenue was shortly due and decided to wait. Waiting there under the wing of the new Union Bank Johann looked about him. Old Main Street swaying northward seemed an aisle of enchantment where infinitesimal stars whirled like moths in the shimmering electric light. But at Market Square the illusion died abruptly, shattered irreparably by hurdy-gurdy music pouring from garish windows, each a leering eye winking wickedly over the shoulders of musty shops and evil-smelling bars. Johann shrugged; it was Saturday night, these the sounds of human pastimes; human pleasures . . . or was it mad endeavor to forget?

The thought was broken by the sudden appearance of a girl opposite, whose strange behavior he could not help remark. It seemed she couldn't be still, but fluttered, phantom-like, from point to point, now breasting the City Hall; now plunging into the shadows behind, always glancing from side to side like a terrified, hunted creature. Somehow she fascinated him until he got the uncomfortable conviction of tables turned--that she was watching him. But, while debating whether to offer assistance or no a group of students from St. John's filed by shouting at top-voice, which apparently decided the matter. The young lady fled and Johann resumed his musings.

But he was not rid of her. Startling as a rapier-thrust the thin quaver of her thread-like voice leaped at him from the thickening mist. "It's dull being alone. You look . . . you need--you should have company."

She had crossed the upper street and crept up behind him, as pitiful a Magdalene as ever courted mercy. So thought Johann; sensing her inordinate terror, paradoxical though it seemed. "Poor kid," said he, "you're hungry--"

Out flew her little hands in a gesture, at once despairing and full of imploration, and a cry of a woodland creature come on sudden death sent the blood to his heart. "God! God!--not that--not Johann--not Johann Lind!"

He caught her as she fell. Too moved for words, he could only stare at the pinched little face and corn-tassel hair pillowed on his arm. Eli Berg! Little child-like Eli Berg had come to this! God? She had called on God. Well, who was about God's business that things like this could come to pass? And where was Andre? What the meaning of his lying letters? Where his sense of responsibility?

Swift as his anger mounted towards Andre he worked to revive the unconscious Eli, chafing her hands and face; talking the while as one does to encourage a timid child. Poor Eli would have preferred death but life is a stubborn reality. "Oh, Johann--" the words scarce audible carried a world of woe, "you'll not believe . . . you can't, I know. But it's true. I--I--never quite dared before."

That inexplicable laughter so characteristically his own cut her short. "Of course I believe you, Eli . . . and now, suppose we eat. There's a place around the corner where coffee and waffles are served good and hot any old hour you please."

He wormed the story from her bit by bit: After leaving the friendly Rischtau's she had taken refuge in a dingy place on Point Douglas where landlady nor roomers troubled themselves about her, a characteristic indifference, had she known it. "Go to Ginsberg's" was a saying amongst certain light-fingered gentry, "there's no questions asked." Thence on it was one continual struggle for existence. Restaurants, soda fountains, laundries, department stores all had known her, and all had dismissed her. She wasn't strong

confines of roof and wall becoming intolerable, he flung into the dripping woods where the young leaves, tiny faces streaked with grey rain shivered in each gust of wind.

Still and grey, in a voiceless melancholy the lonely land breathed a peculiar comfort. Nothing mattered, but courage to endure! Everything else faded, passing into oblivion like a myriad dawns, but the "breath of life" breathed into a material Universe by human courage. Grey earth, grey sky and a grey rain falling yet, behind it a Principle of quenchless life What, then, of dark hours; dark days—dull years ahead? Years are but leaves whirling away on the winds of Eternity.

Very wet, very bedraggled, a young rabbit flashed across his path; Johann laughed softly at the little creature. Why such haste? What the urge driving him from a warm burrow to scamper pell-mell over the cold fields? What the vagrant impulse urging flight in the face of solemn silence? Such terrible, inescapable silence! Profound, mysterious, enveloping life like the walls of a jealous womb, it pressed upon action shaping it at will.

Upon these musings the sweetness of Anton's lyric voice broke in rainbow-sound:

"The canary, God's bird with the yellow breast,
Has for his tiny ones a tiny little nest—"

sang he cheerily swinging along, axe on shoulder. This unexpected meeting with his beloved Barin fetched an excited cry: "Horspidy! What luck! Barin, you must come and see what I've made—oh, an idea, I tell you!"

Hardly conscious of whither his steps were leading, Johann found the boy's welling gladness a gratifying surprise. He hadn't the heart to dash such joyous hope. Nor was Daria's exuberant reception less welcome. "Glory be to Thee, O God!" she carolled, hastily wiping a smudge from the "namesake's" face. "Barin, we think you forget; come no more. Much fools poor Russian people!"

Johann laughed heartily, complimented her garden, the new barn and piggery and, lastly, of course, expressed his astonishment anent the miraculous progress of the youngest Zekof. Daria struck her heavy thigh a resounding whack. "Horspidy! Such a Canadian! No sickness, and already he bites like a weasel. A great name, Barin, gives good luck."

Anton, not free from jealousy, came forward with his latest carving, a really moving bas-relief of Daria. Johann's praise was quick and cordial. "Splendid, Anton. An idea, truly. But, look, lad, aren't the hands a little weak, for—well, an Earth-mother? And what about making the background pure wilderness?"

"Horspidy, yes! The Canadian wilderness, one furrow turned and Mama alone—at sunrise!"

"Bravo, Anton! I said we'd hear from Russia yet!"

Anton's brow clouded. "Oh, I don't know, Barin. I guess I got the idea because Haasji wrote us of an exhibition—she wants me to send something."

Haasji Van Meiris! Here she was again, that comet-bright child, flashing inspiration along a dark highway. "So Haasji still keeps in touch, does she? I'd think she'd be too busy."

Anton grinned from ear to ear. "Barin, you should read those letters! Every week a nice fat one full of news. Parties and concerts and dinners, where you get mostly dishes and eat from the icebox afterwards"

Daria lunged at Anton in bearish playfulness. "Chut! big news come first. Such luck that girl gets, Barin, a money-book from her uncle and, last week a gold watch from the lover—"

"Mama!" Anton blushed for her. "In America you don't talk like that. You should say from a friend and not make her mad with you."

Daria flicked her greasy apron in disrespect of such idiotic logic. "In America you should lie? What for then gets a girl a watch from a man? Ho! ho! Barin, my Anton is yet in petticoats, Glory be to God!"

Whereupon, with unreasonable increase, Johann's restless depression returned. He was bored, he was tired and wished himself away. Not only from

the Zekofs and the narrow world they knew, but free from all the farce man called existence. Just now it purposed nothing, that little span of dreams 'twixt birth and death. He neither heard, nor cared to hear, what more Anton said of Haasji: parties, dances, young men—what had that to do with the high-souled child he had known? The little golden Haasji whirling like an uprooted flower over brown fields! A sorry riddle, he'd had enough of it! More fool he to have dreamt of happiness. Happy alone, the mortal who, mole-like, ate and drank, begot his kind and died firm in the conceit that such pursuit assured him glories denied the ground-hog

There came to mind another vexation. "Anton," said he brusquely, rising to go, "you've not forgotten the Bergs?"

"No, Barin. But this week Mrs. Berg said to wait, I don't know why."

"Well, do your best, Anton—and keep to the carving. Luck to the garden, Mrs. Zekof, and more teeth to the weasel!"

But Daria must see him to the gate. "Come again," she begged, "come soon, Barin. In Russia, we say of the friend, 'when he smiles it is like a gift' When the Barin smiles—it is many gifts! God give you joy, Barin, and send you many sons!"

The Boens were home before him. Remarkably revived by her jaunt to town Helga left the pressing business of frying pancakes to greet him triumphantly. You wouldn't believe, Johann Lind, what a fuss! Bridesmaids like a rainbow round a white moon and enough flowers for a funeral—a kind of sick smell it made, and his Lordship the Bishop fine as Solomon. Ja, da, I said to my Ole, if only Johann were standing by the bride what a heart I'd have for the years to come."

"Mama! Mama!" bellowed her Ole, "ain't that a smell of burning pancakes?"

It was indeed, and, busy scraping the pan, Helga lost track of what had been in her mind to add anent the vanished hopes and glories. But, at supper-table she remembered a toothsome confidence. "Nu, what do you think Mrs. Jensen told me today?" she began, as sternly as good humor permitted, "not that you can always go by what she says owing to her deafness, poor soul."

Ole puffed his ruddy cheeks impatiently. "Well, what does she say, the old she-walrus? Ain't it queer she can't even quit gabbing on a wedding, that sea-serpent?"

"Nu, da, hear him, will you! Let me tell you, Ole Boen, it's queerer after all these years respectable on land you should hold to such sea-manners! Mrs. Jensen has her little faults but such is human nature!"

"Is it the catechism you're telling, good wife, or a sermon?"

"Nu, da, hold your tongue and I'll on with my story. You won't believe it, but a man told her someone very like Eli came on the train from Winnipeg today. He wasn't sure, but mighty suspicious."

Ole snorted angrily. "Suspicious? What for suspicious? Can't a girl come home without making some lubber suspicious?" he bellowed loud enough to sweep the widest deck.

"You never had much sense, Ole. Here, have another pancake and stop roaring. It ain't necessary to start a stampede with your racket."

So that was it! That was why Lena hadn't sent the weekly letter, thought Johann, grateful that Helga's spleen permitted even so much reflection. Somehow poor frantic Lena had arranged for Eli's return. By way of prod, Johann laughed lightly, seconding Ole's opinion. "Why, yes, just what was so terrible in Eli's coming back?"

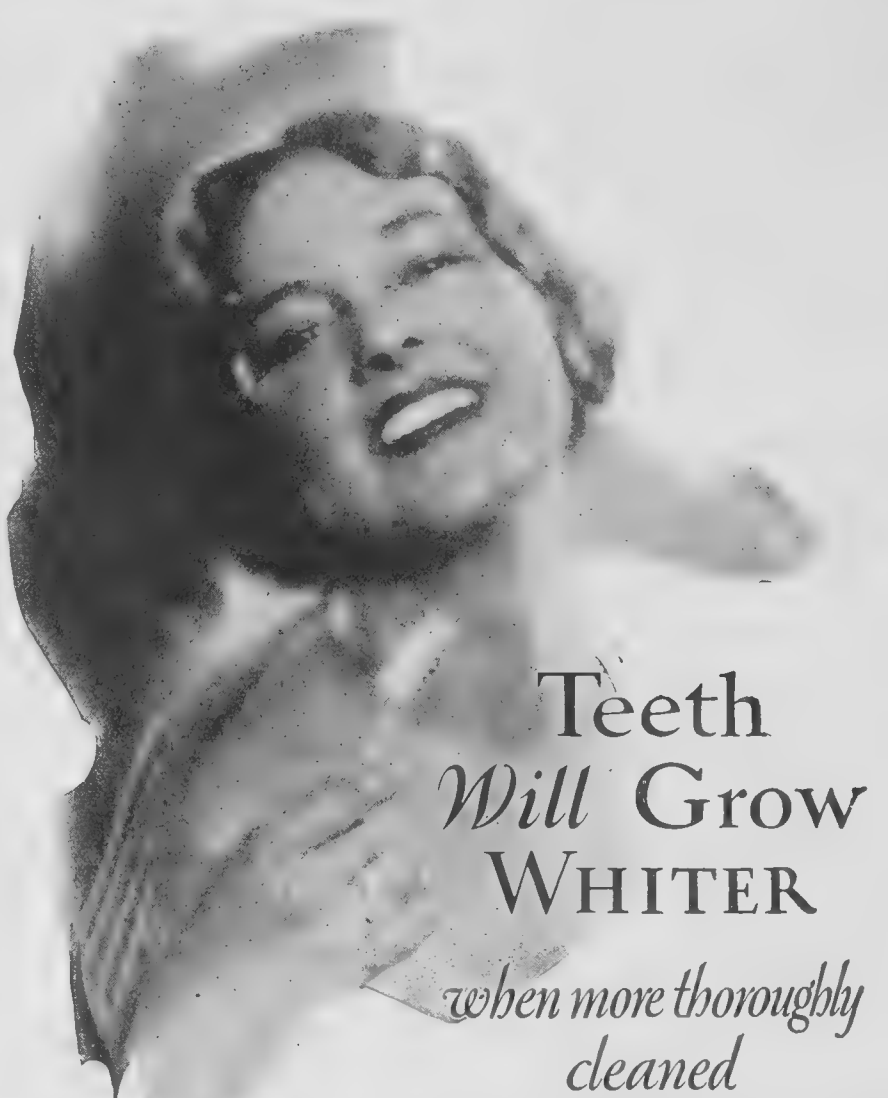
Helga could only stare at him. "You ask that, Johann Lind? When a girl makes disgrace for her papa, upsetting his plans and everything you think she should come back—and find a welcome maybe?"

Johann's black eyes snapped mischief. "Why not? Didn't you used to tell us of a fattened calf and a prodigal come home?"

Helga sniffed scornfully. "Irreverence and impudence! Use a little sense, Johann, and depend on that Eli eats ashes before Simon takes her in."

"And if not, what then?"

Continued on page 40



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when more thoroughly cleaned

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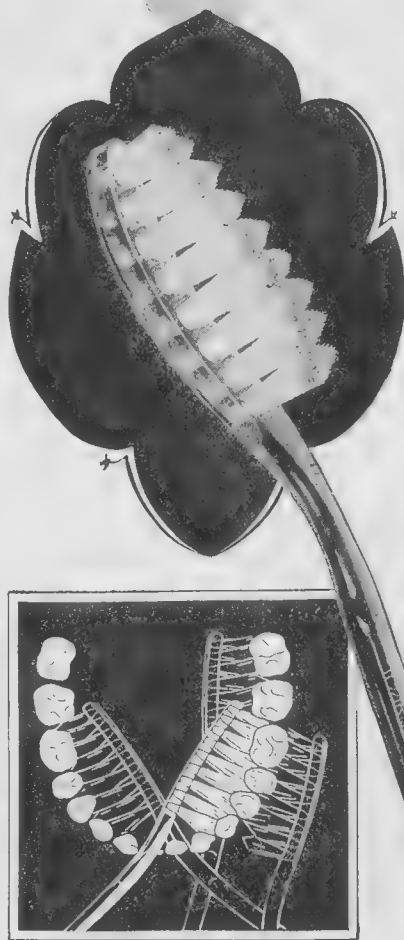
The inner curve, teeth far back, and all crevices—usually neglected!—are easily reached and thoroughly cleaned.

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Beautiful Glass Adorns the Modern Table

Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

RECENTLY there has been a strong tendency to make more frequent use of glass on our tables than formerly, and well it deserves its popularity. The making of glass is one of the oldest arts. Some authorities ascribe its origin to Egypt, others to Syria. Pliny tells a story in his "History of the World" which may well be true. He tells us that in Phoenicia, near Mount Carmel, some traders were searching along the banks of the little river Belus, for flat stones on which to cook their food, but being unable to find any, used blocks of nitre from their cargo. Soon they noticed a stream of clear thick liquid, which on cooling proved to be what we know as glass. Whether or not the story is true, it is very plausible, for sand alone may only be melted to a vitrious mass by extremely high temperature; but if mixed with alkali, may be melted at the temperature of a camp fire. The nitre used by Pliny's traders, contained a large percentage of soda.

The ancient tombs of Egypt show pictures of glass-blowers at work, as early as the fourth and fifth dynasty. Glazed pottery beads from as far back as 4000 B.C. are found. The earliest specimen of true glass that we know of is a dark blue pendant found in Naquado. The remains of glass works have been unearthed at Tell el-Amarna. The fragments of glass when analyzed, are found to contain sand, lime, alkalies, and copper carbonate, just as it does today. Tyre and Sidon were noted for their beautiful glass. To the people of Sidon is given the credit of inventing mirrors. In the British Museum is a beautiful transparent green bowl from Babylonia bearing the date 722 B.C. and the name of King Sargon. It was not blown but turned and cut from a lump of cool glass. There is also a beautiful cup which belonged to a King of Persia of 532 A.D. It is a shallow crystal

bowl with the king's figure raised on it, and decorations of red, white and green, bound with gold.

The Chinese claim to have invented glass. Whether they did or not, we know they made it as early as 2000 B.C. There as in Japan and India, pulverized quartz is used instead of sand. A lump of it was placed on the highest part of buildings to avert lightning. Even today its use in those countries has not extended to window panes. In Italy, its manufacture began as early as the "Iron Age." From here it spread to Gaul, Spain and Germany, where its use grew so extensive that ordinary cups and platters sold for a farthing. These countries had no fine porcelain, which perhaps accounts for the great use of glass. In Italy, thin coatings of it were used as wall coverings, mosaics in very beautiful colorings. The Venetians have always been noted for the very beautiful shapes of the vessels, cups, flasks, etc., which they made. There was much imitating of precious stones, the making of beautiful mosaics and cameos. The workers would blow the glass in two colors, one inside the other, usually the dark one inside. The light color was then cut away on the wheel, letting the dark background show through. Usually white was used on dark blue. The most beautiful specimen known is the Portland Vase in the British Museum, which was smashed into a thousand pieces by a madman, some years ago, but the fragments were cleverly put together again, so that its beauty may still be seen. Byzantium supplied the most beautiful glassware till the rise of the art in Venice. Some lovely Sacrament cups still remain. Glassware

remained the highest expression of art till it was replaced by mural paintings in the cathedrals. Finally the glass workers were driven from Venice to the Island of Murano. Here the shops, about 1495 A.D. made a magnificent street a mile long. The secrets of manufacture were very jealously guarded. Noblemen gave their daughters in marriage to the glassworkers, and their children were considered as belonging to the nobility. Beautiful specimens of glass were counted worthy as royal gifts, ranking with gold and silver and jewels. The Venetian glass novelties of today are very lovely, being made of a soft glass which may be made into exceedingly graceful, dainty shapes.

In England, Roman beads are still to be found as souvenirs of their invasion. They are chiefly dark blue. In 758, Cuthbert, the Abbot of Jarrow, a disciple of Bede's, sent out an urgent plea for glass workers. The recipe he gave to the workmen, was "thirty parts of lime, forty parts of soda, and one hundred parts of sand, fused in a furnace, and coloring added."

Oxides of the metals are used to produce colors. The same oxide used at different temperatures gives different colors. Iron gives practically all colors. Copper—reds, purple, peacock blue. The most beautiful greens are from copper and chromium. Cobalt gives all shades of blue and violet. Lovely reds and pinks are from manganese. Silver produces pale yellow. Opal glass is made by pouring molten glass of different colors on opaque white glass, then rolling it. Oxide of tin and a little arsenic are also used.

In colonial days, the "Artists" of Brooklyn spent much time in experimenting in a broken-down shed, with not much result in the production of glassware, but the waste from their efforts made good roads in the vicinity.

Continued on page 37



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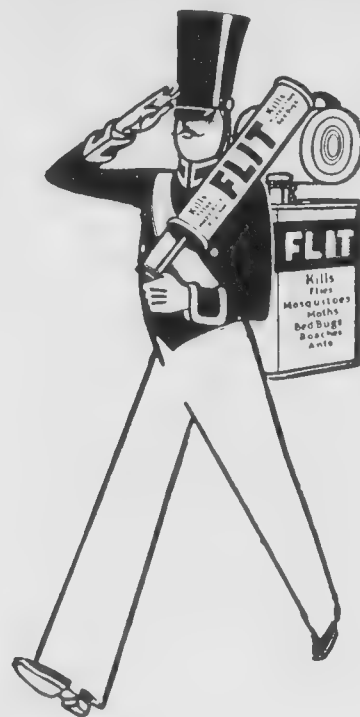
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Continued from page 36

The manufacturers of today are giving us very beautiful glass at a surprisingly low price, and it is small wonder that its use on our tables is increasing so fast. The dainty light-weight glass, in pretty colors, so popular at present, is quite different from the ugly colors, and clumsy shapes of a few years ago, and is even more unlike the expensive cut glass so fashionable ten or fifteen years ago, which in spite of its high cost was often ugly. It was so heavy to handle, and so difficult to keep clean and sparkling. A table on which are several pieces of glass in dainty pale green, or lavender, or a pinky amber, is a joy. Any salad would taste better on a cool green six or eight-sided plate. No child will refuse his milk when offered in a flaring tumbler with a stem, especially if there is a glass sipper through which to drink it.

Especially in hot weather, when appetites are fickle, should the table be attractive. Fortunately, correct table service is the simplest and easiest. All rules for table-setting and serving have some good reason. Formality is not merely for show, but is based on a foundation of common sense, for the comfort and happiness of everybody.

Unless the table is either round or square, and seats just four or fewer, people, we allow from twenty to thirty inches for each person. Less than twenty inches is too crowded, more than thirty, is too far to reach comfortably when passing things.

Whether the table is covered or not, is a matter of personal choice. A covering, protects the surface of the table, hides it if unattractive, insures quietness, reflects more light in a dim room, and improves its appearance. There is no good reason why good-looking doileys may not be used in place of a cloth for even a formal dinner, if one wishes. A plain white cloth is preferable for such occasions, to the most elaborate fancy one. It should be as fine as one can afford, and perfectly laundered. So many people do not know how to fold a table cloth. If there is a shelf or drawer, long enough to accommodate it, one fold down the middle is enough. The cloth is then rolled on a long roll, of cardboard or several thicknesses of heavy paper. Several cloths may be kept on the same roll, and will remain uncrushed. If three folds are desirable, the cloth is folded once lengthwise, then the two outer edges are folded in, to the middle crease and pressed down. In this way, the creases are all on top when the cloth is spread on the table, instead of two on top, and the third one "wrong side" up. The crosswise folds are not pressed with the iron. The cloth stays clean and smooth longer if a silence cloth is used; the service is quieter, and the table better protected from hot dishes. An old clean sheet may be used if one has no other. A cloth should not hang more than twelve or fourteen inches below the edge of the table, or it will interfere with the chairs, and is in the way of those sitting at the table. For afternoon teas, receptions, etc., a fine linen cloth is quite correct, or one may equally properly use the most elaborate lace or embroidered cloth she can procure, or doileys on a bare polished table. Linen or lace center-pieces do not seem to be used as much as they were a few years ago, but there is no reason why one should not use them if she wishes; they are never folded, and must be immaculate.

Rectangular doileys are preferable to those which are round or square, and are large enough to accommodate everything used at each cover, the silver, dinner plate, bread and butter plate, salad plate, if used, glass, and cup and saucer. They have the advantage of being much easier to wash and iron than larger cloths. They may be white or colored, plain or decorated. An old lavender or green or yellow or blue dress of linen, may be cut up into doileys, and finished with an edging of white rick-rack braid, bias binding, blanket stitch, or a picot crocheted edge in rather coarse white thread. Factory cotton, or cotton crepe are excellent. The latter comes in lovely soft colors, and may be simply fringed for napkins and doileys. It can be ironed

when dry, taking care not to press across the crinkles to flatten them out. It is one of the easiest materials to wash that there is. It is better to economize in work anywhere else in the house, except in giving the baby the care he needs, than in the serving of meals. It is not fair to children to let them grow up with the lack of table manners which are sure to result from eating, as a general practice from an oilcloth-covered table. We have seen ministers of the gospel, who ought to be leaders in their communities, drinking their tea with a spoon in the cup, and college professors who did not know how to use their knives and forks. Better is it to serve plainer food, and use the time saved in setting the table carefully, and training the children's manners. Instinctively one eats more carefully, at a dainty table, than when things are put on any careless way. Even small children can readily learn to set the table properly. The doileys are placed with the edge at the edge of the table. The silver is placed far enough apart to leave room for the serving plate to be put between them, without the necessity of moving any of the silver. The articles to be used with the left hand are placed at the left side those for the right hand, on the right. The pieces of silver are placed in the order in which they will be used, beginning at the outside. It may be all placed on the table at first, or the dessert silver may be placed with the dessert, if one wishes. The bread and butter spreaders may be placed on the small plates if one wishes, but all other individual silver is put beside the service plate, in a straight line from half an inch to an inch from the edge of the table, never in a zig-zag line, and never is any silver crossed over other pieces. Some people like to put a spoon at the top of the plate, at right angles to the other silver pieces. This is not incorrect, but the other arrangement is preferable. The sharp edge of the knife is turned toward the plate. It is well to keep a balance between the silver on each side of the plate, for appearance's sake, even though it may be necessary to put a fork or two on the right hand side. At a formal dinner, when silver is placed with its respective course, it is either put on the plate with the salad or dessert, or placed by the waitress at the right of the cover, from the right side, from a small tray or a folded napkin lying on her hand, never carried in her uncovered hand. The silver in each group on the table should not be spread unnecessarily far apart. The napkins are usually placed at the left of the silver, with the open corner at the lower left. All napkins on the table open the same way. No longer do people put a roll in the fold of the napkin, as so often somebody was embarrassed by not noticing it was there, and when he opened the napkin the roll flew out on the table, to the floor, or into somebody's lap. Napkins are never folded in fancy shapes. They are folded in half, then again in half the same way, then twice in the opposite direction to form a square. A monogram should be embroidered, if used, so as to be nicely spaced in this square. Large dinner napkins may be folded again, without pressing down with the iron, to form an oblong, if the table is somewhat crowded. It may sometimes be necessary to place the napkin somewhere else—on the bread and butter plate, at the right of the knives, or at the top of the cover. All dishes put on the table should be set back at least an inch from the edge of the table, to prevent accidents when people sit down. The glass is usually placed at the right, somewhere near the tip of the knife. Bread and butter plate, a separate salad plate, a nut cup, a place card, may be put where most convenient. There is no good reason why the water glass may not be put at the left of the cover, if one wishes. The two unbreakable rules, are to arrange things for the greatest comfort and convenience of everybody, and to arrange them symmetrically. On looking down the table, every glass on each side should be in a straight line.

Continued on page 38

A half hour well spent



THERE'S no satisfaction equal to that of a personal achievement which is at once useful and artistic. For this reason, a half hour spent in making a batch of one-egg muffins is decidedly a half hour well spent. To see the glow of gratification spreading like sunshine over the faces around the table when you bring on the muffins—hot and crinkly and brown—m'm'm! Well—your joyful pride is fully justified.

ONE-EGG MUFFINS

1 3/4 cups flour	1 small egg
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	3/4 cup milk
1 1/2 teaspoon salt	1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter
1 1/2 teaspoons sugar	

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, add sugar. Beat egg thoroughly, add it gradually with milk to dry ingredients and beat hard. At the last moment add melted butter. Drop the batter into hot buttered iron gem pans and bake in a hot oven 25 minutes.

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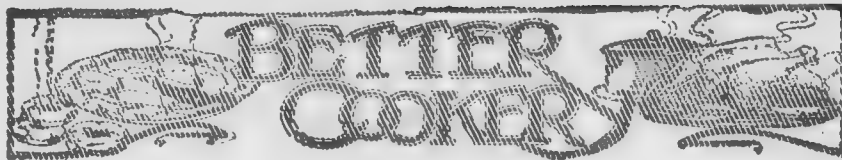
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Blue Ribbon Tea

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Continued from page 37

the knife. Some place cards are not put at the napkins if others are in front of the plate.

Carving knives and other serving pieces are placed either at the outside of the silver for the person who is to serve that dish, or beside the dish of food, parallel to the silver at his cover. Nothing is ever put "kitty-corner." Dishes of jelly, pickles, nuts, candy, etc., are placed to balance each other. It is well to have a salt and pepper shaker placed between each two persons, if possible, to avoid so much passing of them. If a beverage is poured at the table, the service should be arranged for the greatest convenience of the person who is to pour it, the handle turned towards her, if cups must be piled up, the handles are turned so as to be easily grasped, and all point in the same direction. Spoons placed in the saucer, are parallel to the handles of the cups.

In clearing the table for the next course, the serving dishes are removed first, then

the individual dishes. For a formal meal everything not used for the remainder of the meal, is removed; small articles on a tray. Water glasses may be left, as some people like water at the close of a meal. Plates may be taken two at a time to the side table, then quietly piled and removed from there. The crumbs may be removed from the table with a folded napkin and a plate or a knife and plate, care being taken to not reach in front of any person.

Even small children can soon learn to wait on the table very efficiently, if a little patience is shown on the part of the grown-ups.

For all meals, the appearance of the table is improved with some simple centerpiece, such as a small growing plant, a few flowers, or in the evening, lighted candles. Whatever is chosen, should be either low enough not to obstruct the view of people sitting opposite each other, or else high enough not to interfere with it.

The Simplicity of Uncooked Icings

By Pheobe Cole

MANY women feel that icings are the hardest and "trickiest" part of cake baking. It is so easy to boil the icing mixture just a bit too long and have it hard, or just a few seconds too little and have it sticky and running off the cake. Yet many women do not know that there are several kinds of uncooked icings that are just as delicious as the boiled variety and infinitely easier to make, as they are bound to be always just right.

During the war, when sugar was being rationed and each family was allowed just a few pounds per week, one resourceful woman invented a sugarless icing! She simply turned the contents of a small can of sweetened condensed milk into a bowl and gradually stirred into it enough cocoa to make a paste of proper spreading consistency. Though the war and sugar rations are long since passed, that simple icing still remains a favorite with her family—and with her, because it is so very simple to make. A little powdered sugar may be added by those who like a very sweet icing.

Here are the recipes for several other excellent uncooked icings that are simple enough for a child to make successfully:

Uncooked Orange Icings

Grate rind of an orange, squeeze juice of the orange over it and let stand an hour. Stir into this mixture enough powdered sugar to make a paste of proper consistency for spreading. Use on sponge or white cake.

Uncooked Mocha Icing

Butter, 1 lb. Cocoa, 2 tb.
Salt, pinch.
Strong coffee infusion, 4 tb.
Powdered sugar, (about 2 c.)

Cream butter with one cup of the sugar and the cocoa. Add salted coffee, then enough more sugar to make proper consistency to spread

Raisin and Nut Icings

Chopped nuts, ½ c. Chopped raisins, ½ c.
Lemon juice, 4 tb. Powdered sugar.

Make a paste of lemon juice and powdered sugar, add nuts and raisins, and spread on delicate white cake.

Cocoanut Icing

Mix heavy sweet cream with powdered sugar to make a fairly thick paste. Add cocoanut and a few drops of lemon, vanilla or almond extract.

SOME NEW WAYS WITH VEGETABLES

The doctors and the dietitians keep telling us that we need more fruits and vegetables, less bread and meat, in the daily diet. Yet many persons, particularly children, are not fond of vegetables. So the canny housewife must think of new ways to make familiar vegetables attractive.

Almost any vegetable is better for a slightly tart flavor, and since lemons are particularly healthful, even for children,

many vegetables may be rendered attractive and popular by serving them with a lemon butter sauce instead of the usual salt and pepper and butter. Spinach, beets, carrots, cauliflower, asparagus, Brussels sprouts, kohlrabi, boiled cabbage and artichokes are all delicious and wholesome served with lemon butter sauce. To make it, simply blend the juice of a lemon with two or three tablespoons of melted butter and pour over the hot vegetables.

Beets With Orange Sauce

A novel dish that should appeal to the fastidious palate is this variation of Harvard beets. Make a sauce like this: Butter, 1 lb. Flour, 1½ tb.
Hot water, 2 tb. Salt, ½ t.
Brown sugar, ½ tb. Orange juice, ½ c.
Grated rind, 1 orange, ash of paprika.

Mix all dry ingredients well, blend with the butter, add liquids and cook in double boiler. Pour over diced or sliced hot cooked beets.

Children often refuse spinach, perhaps because it is not a "pretty" vegetable, perhaps because their elders have chanted its praises and benefits too loudly and often. But everybody loves a dish that conceals an occasional raisin or nutmeat. When both those wholesome goodies lurk within, even a large helping of spinach will be quickly gobbled up by even the most ardent spinach hater. Cook the spinach as usual, (with very little water), drain. and season with salt and a bit of pepper. Melt two tablespoons of butter and pour over the hot cooked spinach, then stir in half a cup of chopped nuts and half a cup of raisins. Lastly, pour over all the juice of a lemon and serve at once. None will be left over.

Harvard Beets

For five or six medium size beets use: Cornstarch, 1 lb. Sugar, ½ c.
Lemon juice, 4 tb. Orange juice, 4 tb.
Butter, 2 tb. Pepper, few grains.

Mix dry ingredients, stir in the fruit juices and cook in double boiler. After mixture has boiled, pour in the beets (hot and either cubed or sliced) and let stand over hot water fifteen minutes to allow the vegetables to absorb the flavor of the tart sauce.

If there are children in the family do not think that vinegar is "just as good" as lemon juice. Vinegar does not contain the mineral elements of the citrus fruits, and children need those mineral elements to build strong bones and teeth. No child should have vinegar until his permanent teeth are all cut. As a matter of fact, lemon juice is far more wholesome for adults than vinegar.

Would the Senate O.K. This?

Our idea of a mean trick would be for the members of the House of Commons to hold a banquet and then make Agnes McPhail wash the dishes.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Legal Information

Continued from page 37

foreclose. Is the mortgage binding on "A" and can "X" foreclose the land?—A.R.D.

A. Ordinarily a partner cannot make a valid legal mortgage of property which belongs to himself and another partner, unless the debt was a firm debt, and the security was given in order to obtain additional time for the firm to meet the payment. It appears to us from the statement of facts which you have submitted that the mortgage could not bind the partnership property. On the other hand it is probably a valid mortgage of the interest of "B" in the firm's property.

Hardistry, Alberta.

Q. (1) If a man dies leaving a widow and no children does the widow inherit everything? (2) If a woman dies leaving no children does her husband inherit her property? (3) Is the property in either case divided among the brothers and sisters, in case there is no will? I am told the latter is the case in Alberta, which seems unfair to me. Will be glad to know the truth of it?—L.B.C.

A. Answering your questions in order: (1) The widow inherits all the property, both real and personal of the deceased. (2) The husband inherits all the property both real and personal of the deceased. (3) In neither case do brothers or sisters of the deceased inherit. These answers are submitted on the assumption that the deceased died without making a will.

Jasper, Alberta.

Q. "X" a widow of 76, mother of ten children, eight of whom are men earning from 5,000 to \$25,000 per year, receives no support from these sons. "X" lives with the daughter and son-in-law who have three children. The couple are in moderate circumstances. The other daughter married a poor man and has very poor health. "X" owns half section in poor farming district in Saskatchewan, rents it on shares, seldom more than expenses made, often not even that. Sons provided nothing towards her support beyond occasional (not regular) gift at Christmas or on her birthday. Fifty dollars most money given at any one time. A poor son sends most. Two sons live in State of Maine, one in State of New York, one in California and the others in Canada. Only three sons have children and two are most in any family. Child of one son being educated in expensive school in France.

Can steps be taken to force sons to provide living income for their mother? Sons know of her circumstances. Say there is no use giving her money for she would only spend it on someone else. "X" is highly respected—young and old (outside her sons) make a fuss over her. Thanks for your trouble.—S.O.S.

A. We regret to inform you that there is no legal provision in Alberta whereby sons can be compelled to contribute to the support of their aged parents. The only remedy possible is one based upon an appeal to filial gratitude.

An Awkward Answerer

The old-time practice of kissing the bride received a jolt at a recent down-state wedding when an awkward guest was asked if he had kissed the bride and replied: "Not lately"—Fargo Forum.

Psyche

By W. V. Newson

*One day I watched a little boy
Try to catch a butterfly.
With tousled hair, and cap raised high,
So happy in his eager joy.*

*How careful he approaches now
Breath held—down upon one knee—
See, it lights beside a tree—
He covers but an empty bough.*

*Far off it flies and doubles round
And circles back in motion mild;
As if to tempt the waiting child
It flits upon a tiny mound.*

*Then away and through the air
But always back again returns.
And every cautious plan it spurns;
It will not be his captive fair*

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NO OFFENSIVE
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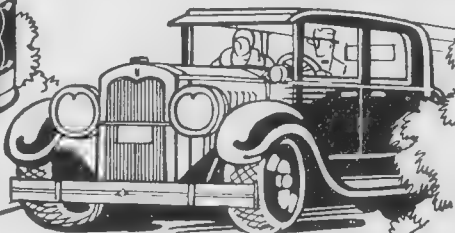
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WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"
KEEPS BABY WELL 12



Johann Lind

Continued from page 33

"Ja, what then? What but the fate she's courted? A light girl playing fast with her betters?"

"Woman! woman!" Ole bawled in warning, "you do your sex dirt—Damnation, yes! You, Helga Boen, who long since brought a drifting brig to port!"

Helga shifted uneasily, wishing that duty demanded less strenuous measures. But Andre's honor was at stake. "Men don't see things rightly," she riposted, frowning on her dull tormentors, "A woman should stand by her kind in trouble, but not in foolishness—"

"Let's come to facts," Johann suggested, firmly. "Should Eli, sick, homeless, appeal to you—what then?"

Helga's face flamed at the seeming insult added to injury. He asked her that, the mother of Andre Boen! Nu, da, what could you expect—"Herre Gud! Johann Lind," her exasperation flared out at last, "what could I do but tell her to begone? Ja, I'd tell her that and keep my word to Lena Berg!"

"A fine word!" Ole growled contemptuously. "A lubberly fine word!"

"Ja, you said it, Ole Boen. A word never broken. 'Lena,' said I, 'because of shame put on me and mine never will Eli Berg enter here—never!'"

Johann got to his feet, that indescribably Lind smile creeping over his face. "I quite see," he told her pleasantly, "you couldn't abide by the letter and welcome Eli Berg after that."

"Nu, what does he mean, the young Troll?" Helga demanded of Ole when the door shut behind Johann's broad back.

Husband-wise, Ole lit his pipe and opened the paper. "You know so much, why ask me?"

"Ja, that's so. It's a foolishness got in me," she agreed swiftly. "What you'd tell me, Ole Boen, I could just as well get from the crows."

A STRANGE foreshadowing of disaster haunted Johann throughout the evening as he sat at cards with Herman. And, in the end his abstraction so irritated the old man he flung down his hand in disgust. "Johann Lind," he scolded, "you played a better game at seven. What's come over you?" No sooner spoken he wished the words back. Ah, he was growing old, to be so tactless! To have forgotten this was pretty Sheila's wedding-day! "Nu, da," he hastened to amend, "age is quarrelsome; it's the penalty of outlived usefulness. Give me my glasses, lad, I'll leave you in peace."

Johann was otherwise minded. "Grandfather, you weren't in at supper; perhaps you haven't heard that Eli has come back?"

Herman's shaggy white brows met in a puzzled frown. "Nu? ... is that what troubles you?"

Johann's answer was characteristic if not satisfactory. "What else? If it's true, think how honors will be divided."

"Truth is painful, but rarely kills!" old Herman retorted tartly. "Ja, if there's one thing more than another I failed to understand in the Linds it was their reluctance to admit a generous impulse."

Johann walked to the window. It was raining heavily now with a sharp wind blowing. A dismal night in which to be abroad... the wedding guests would find it so down in the village... Well, they at least had joy to lighten the road. But poor little Eli, what had she? Yet what more gentle heart, or more deserving? His answer came coldly, a clean cutting blade: "Truth is too exalted a virtue for me... As for impulse—well, grandfather, the less said of Lind impulses the better, I imagine."

That might be, thought old Herman. But, when some while later Anton, wet and breathless, bounded up the stairs, Johann's quick grasp of the situation belied his words. "Barin, Barin," gasped the boy, "something awful has happened! Oh, come quick, Papa found Eli by the big pond... she's all—she's nearly—"

Johann caught up his reefer and hat. "If I'm not back by morning," he told Herman quietly, "tell them I'm at the Zekofs... the reason can wait."

Continued on page 41

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**They keep
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ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

Johann Lind

Continued from page 40

Prepared though he was for near-tragedy the scene greeting his eyes on entering Anton's stuffy little home exceeded his darkest expectations. On a bench before the fire lay Eli wrapped in Daria's best Russian blanket; her small face marble-white, her long yellow hair still dripping water and streaked with ugly green slime. Beside her, like a friendly "Newfoundland," Zekof stood gazing on his hostage snatched from Death, his big face wrinkled with perplexity. Daria wept, praying in turn to her Saints, and shooing the inquisitive youngsters back to their corners.

Her relief on seeing Johann gushed out piously: "Glory be to Thee, O God! Barin, it is true, there is mercy in Heaven . . . how not when Zekof reaches the pond in time?"

Johann stood at loss for words. With that slender, wasted body stretched before him, tragic testimony of God knew what torments suffered, how should he speak? What could be said? Zekof fetched a groan. "Barin, because it rain I think to come across by the Big Pond it save a mile. Ah, it is the wind, I say, that noise. No, a sick rabbit—a lost calf. Christos, mercy! Instead she come, a white ghost, crying, crying . . . Glory be to God! My feet can't run, for when she jump I know it is a girl."

Daria lifted a warning finger. "Zekof, she moves, make still—maybe God touched her."

But Eli was sane enough, though nothing surprised her, neither Johann, smiling above her, dark eyes curiously kind, nor the troubled Zekofs; nor how she got there by a roaring fire. Sane enough, but weariness had her for its own and nothing mattered but this peace of undisturbed quiet, this cold suspended moment free of conscious thought and pain. Daria had no stomach for such death-like comfort. A steaming samovar of strong black tea and a priest to confess her was what was needed. Glory be to God, at least the tea was theirs to give.

Rekindled to misery by this well-meant service Eli cried out bitterly: "Oh, why didn't he let me go! I'll not have the courage again!"

Johann drew his chair closer. "Now, Eli, why regret a terrific nuisance?" he began cheerfully, inadvertently loosening the floodgates of suffering.

"But you don't know the awful things he said: what he did," she cried, starting up wildly, revealing in her excitement a mud-spattered muslin gown gaping at a blood-stained shoulder. "He struck her, Johann Lind—he struck my darling Mama!"

But Johann had no thought for Lena. Eyes onyx-black in an ashen face he sat transfixed staring at the ugly welt coiled snake-wise on that frail white shoulder. The blasphemy of it fascinated him. Little, helpless, sick — yet Simon had struck her! Worse, he had heaped upon her unmentionable epitaphs—this wounded woman-child innocent of evil.

Like wind on still waters Johann's strange laughter swept despair. What an ironic climax that a Lind must measure pity to the yardstick of innocence! What priceless impertinence! What peerless piety—softly! softly! From down the silent years gossamer feet danced to meet him: another Fate-blown human flower, fragile and sweet, whirling to destruction . . . Little mother of laughter-loving ways; how came she now to creep into his thoughts?

"Johann Lind, Johann Lind!" Eli flung out her hands in a frightened supplication; "say something; anything—don't look at me like that. I—I—oh, dear God—"

With that tidal compassion peculiar to high-hearts he took her in his arms. "There, there, it's over," said he, gently as one bespeaks a little child, "you're back with friends, Eli, where none can hurt you." Indeed, he'd see to that; now his duty lay clear before him. Still, peace, comfort, understanding, these must not be bought at Andre's expense, howsoever much they were Eli's due. No, that were small thanks for Helga's

Continued on page 42

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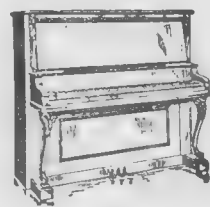
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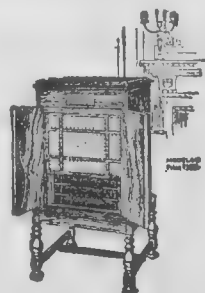
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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Johann Lind

Continued from page 41

loving service to that little mother whose bird-like gladness still haunted the years.

Loyal Daria surmised what was passing in the Barin's mind. Eager, kindly, she caught Eli's hands to her warm bosom. "Little bird, cry no more. No more, no more," she crooned, "the Barin keeps you safe. Daria knows. Daria weep much and the Barin brings peace again."

Eli snatched back her hands, shuddering: "Don't, don't! Dear Mrs. Zekof, I can't bear it!"

Johann pretended offence. "Now, Eli, that's hardly flattering. My good friend will be cross with you."

Poor Eli, meeting Johann's enigmatic smile fell prey to fresh terrors: "Oh, what have I said? What have I done?"

"Nothing much, Eli. Only, you see, Mother Zekof took it for granted of lesser evils you'd much prefer me."

"Dear God, I must be going mad!"

"There you go again!" he laughed.

"Honestly, if I'd known it was so hard to get a—wife, I'd not have tried at all!"

For one sweet moment Eli transcended

doubt and fear; everything forgotten but the wild singing of her heart. Johann loved her . . . Johann wanted her—

Johann Lind. Johann Lind! But, turning suddenly, she surprised a look in his fine eyes, so grimly determined, so drained of joy her heart died within her. Dear God, she understood! She knew. "Johann, Johann! you mustn't do it," she cried convulsively; "you mustn't, I'm not worth it. There's nothing left to save."

Johann had recourse to Lind tactics. "You've forgotten," said he, ironically, "that my reputation demands some sacrifice."

"Sacrifice? Sacrifice?" Poor Eli was aghast.

"Well, yes," he amended drily, "I'll own it isn't pleasant, but you get accustomed to anything in time."

"Oh, don't talk like that! I'll—I'll die if you do!"

"Very well," said he, "we'll strike a bargain. I'll say no more and you let Daria put you to bed . . . There's a certain gentleman we must see at Olden in the morning."

Poor Helga suffered from rheumatism that morning, thanks to yesterday's rain

ill at ease; tormented in body and mind adventures came, like Jove's thunderbolt, when he drove into the yard. Herre Gud! Where had he been? When had he taken the greys? And who, under high heaven, was that huddled beside him? "Ja, gudvelsigne meg!" she gasped, sinking in a chair beside the fire. It had a queer look, sent a strange chill through her bones. Aye, stranger than strange! For now he faced her in the doorway, that hated, tyrannical smile of the Linds tempering lips and eyes. God spare her senses, was she seeing aright? Was that cringing creature hanging on his arm Eli Berg? Eli Berg, the light o' love, crossing her threshold!

"Johann!" burst from her hoarsely, "Johann Lind, how dare you, after my word to Lena, bring Eli to this house?"

Velvet-soft his quick laugh dashed her anger. "Now Mother, you do me wrong," he told her, "I'd never think of bringing Eli Berg—I'm only asking welcome for Eli Lind."

Helga felt her senses reeling. Ja, it made her dizzy to see how right she'd been. Nu da, perhaps that stubborn Lena would own her injustice. Troll take her, for the hard things flung at Andre. Devoted Andre, robbed of love and by a brother! But then, what could you expect of Johann Lind?

So healing was the thought of Andre blameless, cleared of all suspicion, that, with only three false starts, bursts of breath, half word, half groan, she rose to the occasion nobly. "Nu da, come here, foolish girl. Come, child . . . kiss me. Eli Lind, have welcome to the house!"

Mama suffering the cruellest doubts? She couldn't understand it. And the less she understood it the more she talked. And the more she talked the more she laughed. It certainly was queer.

Helga, too, thought it queer until the shell-pink she had misread for shy blushes deepened to mottled red and the foolish laughter ended in sobs of pain. Poor child, poor foolish one—Herre Gud! what a judgment to fall sick on the wedding day! Ja, now she thought of it the whole thing was hard on Eli. No cake, no dress, and the bridegroom himself so uncommon sensible . . . True, you couldn't bargain on a Lind but, never a one so frigid in love affairs—never a one! Yet here was Johann gone to the fields after introducing his bride as prosaically as though she had been a new housemaid. It wasn't fair to the poor child; it wasn't human. She was on the point of going out to tell him so when, in the midst of feverish jabber, Eli crumpled forward in a dead faint.

Helga lost sight of transgressions and righteous judgments in the fight that followed. Indeed, once Eli's bruised and wasted body came under her care, pity vowed she should suffer no more. But, like the most of Earth's children, Eli seemed destined for little else.

Suffer she did, and so cruelly that none marvelled more at her recovery than the doctor whose skill accomplished it. And none remained so unimpressed, so utterly indifferent to that miraculous skill as Eli herself. Ah, yes, she was alive—if consciousness freed of momentary pain meant living—but, with hope of health forever removed to what purpose the long-drawn battle? What had she to live for? Oh, what was it all about? And where would it end? Dear God, if only she had Mama to comfort her—"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

That cry torn from a lacerated heart to haunt the dark of night, finished Helga's pride. Word, or no word, the child must have her mother. Ja, right off in the morning Ole should fetch her. But Ole could not fetch her then, nor for many days. The Berg domicile had a queer look about it, an air of turbulence he found hard to explain. Ja, even before he saw the broken window with a bit of Lena's dress blowing from it he felt that something evil had taken place. The Irish family, east of Bergs, threw some light on the mystery for they, it was, had seen Simon driving to Olden with Lena semi-conscious groaning and moaning in the wagon-box. But the whole truth of it (as Helga learned much later) was like this: When Simon came home from Hawthorne the night of Sheila's wedding to find Lena and Eli laughing together as though they had nothing for which to be ashamed, he flew into such a violent temper that nothing of what transpired was, afterwards, very clear. Startled out of her senses Lena committed the error of appealing to mercy. He must be kind—he must be sparing. Eli would perish if he persisted in his threat. He must not turn her out—

Ho! ho! He must not, must he? And who was master in the house, he wondered? And what was it to him if a thing like that perished? Look at her—Devil take it if that wasn't a guilty face. Bah! she wasn't only weak and spineless, she was BAD!

Like a tigress, barb in heart, Lena leaped at him, biting, scratching; and, such is the strength of madness, he had hard work to be rid of her. But, the crazed woman safe behind a bolted door, Eli paid the price. Paper-frail and unresisting, she dropped beneath his heavy blow like a broken reed. Better, perhaps, had she clawed him back, giving him vent for the fury raging in him, for her lamb-like meekness only acted as a spur. Beside himself with choler, he caught her as she fell, shook her hound-fashion, and thrust her from the door.

It was some time during the terrible silence, descending like a blight on the house following that inhuman act, that Lena completely lost her head and, with God knows what in mind, crashed through the window. There, after an all-night tramp through the woods, Simon found her sprawled in a bed of splintered glass,

THROUGHOUT that difficult day Eli did her best to ignore the queer light-headedness following each jab of pain piercing her chest like rapiers. Shy; ill at ease; tormented in body and mind she heard, as from afar, her own disconnected rambling statements and dutiful replies to Helga in sore bewilderment. How came it she had heart to talk, with

her face caked in blood, limbs doubled jack-knife fashion, a wretched, pain-crazed creature more dead than alive.

Simon, by now a conscience-ridden mortal, was come prepared to be magnanimous. Ja, if the old wife showed proper humility he wasn't so sure but forgive Eli . . . certain he'd have to get someone to help in threshing anyway. Eli was a ninny, but, handled right could make a good day's showing.

Such were the charitable thoughts rudely ousted on discovering Lena lying like a bag of meal in the muck outside her window. Shocked, and aggrieved at this fresh impertinence, he attempted to lift her, getting for his clumsy pains an ear-splitting shriek. Nu, nu, what now? What was the matter with the woman . . . Ja, Herre Gud! She'd gone and broke her leg—broke her leg, the creature! A doctor to pay and a hospital—a doctor and a hospital—and no one to milk or feed the pigs! That's what came of having erring daughters! Just wait till he laid hold of her! She'd pay—Pay—the word curbed his temper, touching, as it did, on larger needs. Ja, well if the creature was back let her stay . . . it would cost less than hired help for the house.

But, neither this unfulfilled hope, nor the fury riding him when, with Lena laid in hospital, he fell slave to a thousand household sacraments was ever quite confessed. Folks guessed; and in the country folks have a gift for guessing. Ole got a little here, a little there and, like a man soliciting gifts for a charity bazaar, came home laden with much of which he had rather be rid.

To Helga the whole affair seemed a preposterous nightmare; a thing passing belief and never had a duty loomed so bitter as this of telling Eli. Poor little bride, white as a snow-drop, on that lonely couch of hers. Many a tear Helga wiped at thoughts of it and, if sometime she thanked God in secret for Andre's deliverance, she made up in living service for the uncharitable thought.

But there were other reasons, deeper still, for her change of attitude. With a woman's unerring instinct she knew that despite kindness it was not love, but lack of it sustained Johann throughout these trying days. Then why had he married the girl? Lind queerness notwithstanding it passed her comprehension. Ja, but first how to tell Eli the dreadful news—that was the problem. Herre Gud how she wished Haasji was home.

Like an answer to prayer old Herman ambled up the walk, stepping slowly over the threshold. "Nu, da, can you believe it, Helga, Peter Van Meiris just turned the corner in a bran' new buggy and the little Haasji was with him. Praise God, she'll do our Eli more good than twenty doctors!"

"Ja, praise God, she will," Helga echoed fervently. "Tomorrow I fetch the child myself to help us."

(To be continued)

A Cup of Coffee

Continued from page 20

place and hence would never have come upon Mary crying. The quarter of beef was left to guard the doorstep while Kale found courage to go up and put his arm around Mary, who promptly transferred her weeping to his shoulder. After a blissful time of comforting and petting Mary confessed her misery.

"I th-thought when you told those whopping lies about Shorty and Slim and the rest of them having money you were trying to switch my attention to them. I thought you were tired of having me ask you in for a c-cup of coffee. I only did it because I felt sorry for you, alone and lonesome. Ever since I found your little book I could just see you with your shirts and socks coming from the laundry all holes and no buttons—"

Kale exhaled weakly. "What book?" he managed to ask.

"See, here it is," went on Mary. "See, it says on every page: '2 pr. socks; 2 shirts; 2 underwear; 2 handkerchiefs.'"

Kale studied the little book and understood with what he had been trying to impress Mary Patton. It was his laundry list book.

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6124. Very smart and unusual is this artistic model. It makes an excellent afternoon Dress in printed chiffon over a flesh color crepe slip. It will also be attractive in polka dot silk, and is equally pleasing in georgette or satin. The waist is bloused on an underbody, above a fitted yoke, to which the skirt is attached, that features the popular slant, dipping at the right side to match a similar shaping on the bolero. The bolero may be finished separately or omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. To make this charming model as portrayed in the large view for a 38 inch size will require 1 yard of 32 inch lining for the underbody, and 5½ yards of 35 inch material for the Dress. If made without the bolero, 4¼ yards of 35 inch material is required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2½ yards.

6200. A fresh summery pattern of silk voile printed in a red and green floral, with sketchy black lines was selected for this model, which shows pleasing fulness at the sides of the skirt below the bloused waist. The neck is cut in a deep and narrow V outlining a small vestee. This style is also attractive in georgette or crepe in plain colors, beige, green or the new shades of green or yellow. Beige lace or black with binding of satin in a self color will be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size will require 3¼ yards of 39 inch material, and 1½ yard of 32 inch lining for the underbody. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is about 1½ yard.

6201. This attractive model may be developed in dotted silk, or in figured chiffon or georgette. It is also pleasing in crepe or crepe de chine. Another lovely development of this style would be of taffeta with collar and vestee in a contrasting shade and collar and sleeve extension edged with narrow pleatings. The flare side sections express the raised waistline. The revers collar and vestee give length of line and balance to the front. The Dress may be made with or without the long sleeve portions.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. To make the Dress for a 16 year size as shown in the large view will require 3¼ yards of 35 inch figured material together with ½ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and vestee. If made with the long sleeve portions and cuffs, 4¼ yards of the figured material will be required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2½ yards.

Patterns of above mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

6102. Suitable throughout the day, this frock is becoming to a slender, and to mature figures. A smart revers outlines the pointed neck opening at one side, and creates the popular diagonal line. A cluster of plaits lengthens the front below a smart slant. This is a cool and comfortable model and one not difficult to develop. It may be of linen, cotton crepe or percale for morning wear, or of silk, crepe de chine or georgette for afternoon sports wear.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress for a 38 inch size as illustrated will require 3½ yards of 36 inch material together with ½ yard of contrasting material for revers facing, and facing on cuffs and belt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards.

6199. A sleeveless frock, and bolero with short sleeves supply this up-to-date design. A plain and a printed fabric may be combined in its development, or the waist may be of silk crepe, and the skirt and bolero of wool crepe or georgette. As pictured, figured silk was used with crepe de chine for the waist portion and facings. Pongee, printed and plain in combination is nice as is also printed and plain linen.

The Pattern for this distinctive model is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make it for an 18 year size as illustrated in the large view will require 1¾ yard of plain material and 2½ yards of figured material, 35 inches wide. If made without the bolero 1½ yard of the figured material is required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1½ yard.

6187. This wearable one piece frock of cotton print has a front plaited skirt with flat back, joined to waist portions that close diagonally in front, and are finished with a broad shaped collar. The sleeve is comfortably short and trimmed with a turned up cuff. Green and white gingham with the binding of white or self color will make this a cool looking frock. In cotton foulard or in tulle silk it is also pleasing. Another attractive development would be zephyr with collar and cuffs of organdy.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Frock for a 38 inch size will require 3¾ yards of 36 inch material. To finish with bias binding as illustrated will require 4¼ yards. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards.

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Popular Patterns for Old-Time Patch-work Quilts

By Helen Kaufman

WE ARE all familiar with the history of patchwork and the irresistible attraction these quilts have for the needleworker. The designs shown here are all of the old-time varieties. Many artistic color combinations may be worked out from these patterns. Small as well as large pieces may be used. It is now possible to purchase the old-time prints and have a reproduction of those placed in our grandmother's time.

Basket K1022, 10½-inch block, was made of red background with small dots. When examined, this basket is simple, it consists of 11 colored triangles, 7 white or unbleached muslin triangles and the colored handle. Other colors, figures or plain material may be used.

Shooting Star, K1023, 10-inch block, has more patterns than any of the other blocks. The figured patches may all be of the same color or each block may be of different colors. Five different shaped pieces are used to form this pattern.

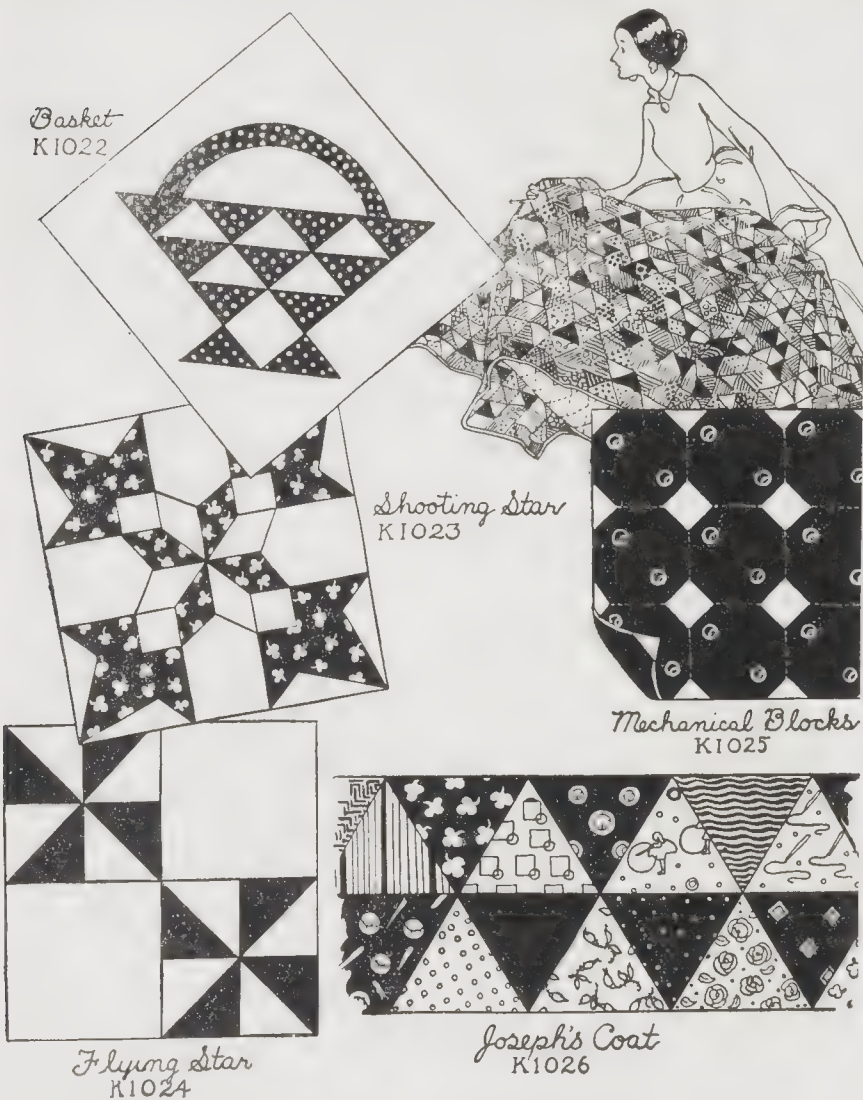
Flying Star, K1024, 10-inch block.

This simple design makes a most effective quilt. This is made of plain color and white. Blue, pink, yellow, green, tan or orchid may be used for the dark patches. When set together, the colored stars form diagonal lines across the bed.

Mechanical blocks, K 1025, 9-inch blocks. Each block consists of 9 large hexagon patches, 4 small squares, 8 half squares and 4 triangles in white. The hexagon patches are some blocks of one color, other blocks of various colors and patterns. This can be continued for the entire quilt or alternated with plain blocks 9 inches square.

Joseph's Coat, K1026, the quilt where no two patches are the same. Of course, this is theory only; by using a number, say 25 different designs and several plain colors, one can repeat them and give this effect.

Note: Send 25c in stamps or coin to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, and these five patterns, stamped on paper, will be sent to you.



Styles Are Feminine—Soft and Subtle

DRAPERIES and panels extending below the hem, back dipping skirts, tiers and flounces, wing effects, shoulder capes, and hip girdles, are all features in the new styles.

Daytime dresses show printed fabrics sheer and heavy in all the gaiety of many colors.

Evening fashions are more quiet. All white and all black is most popular. Gray and beige is also shown with elaborate beading. Among sheer fabrics green, yellow and purple is shown.

Chiffon marquisette and voile are most desirable for draperies, plaitings and flounces. All styles, one notes are feminine. All soft and subtle.

Skirts for utility and daytime wear are straight, and two inches longer than in the past season. A notable feature of this season is the hemline that dips is longer in the back on afternoon and evening dresses.

The ensemble still holds its own, and is the well dressed woman's password, all must be in harmony from hat to shoes, all is ensemble.

Sports modes are largely in evidence, because of the sports season now prevailing. Blue and white kasha, or blue alone is smart for a cardigan and a box plaited skirt, and a blue and white or all blue knitted sweater.

A white flannel dress worn with a jacket of navy blue velour is very pleasing.

Very smart for daytime wear is a two-piece dress of crepe satin in brown or black. The right front of the blouse crosses over the left front on a diagonal line. It is trimmed with a wide band of satin and ornamented with a double row of buttons. The skirt is a two-piece flare model.

Brown and beige combine well in a three-piece ensemble made with a brown and beige skirt of tweed, and a beige blouse of crepe. The coat is of tweed lined with crepe to match the blouse and is collarless, and in ¾ length.

Cotton is most popular as a material for sports frocks, and undoubtedly frocks that launder are desirable for sports wear during hot weather



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The Skeleton's Shelf

Continued from page 8

from skyline to skyline? Did some undreamt-of horror come up in the half light from the dungeon depths below, and if so, what? Dan went to the edge of the shelf and peered down. He would be glad to be quit of this place, yet he could not tear himself from it.

THE sun, inclining towards the west, now penetrated a little deeper than when last he looked, and he saw that down there, where human feet had never trod, and probably never would tread, there among the tumbled scree, which lay between the canyon walls and the margins of the creek, timber of some kind was growing. But no, it was not timber, but some kind of tangled mass, the stuff which was half scrub and half fungus, groping over the valley depths, as the mould of damp and dry rot spreads in the murky nooks. It was the same mottled, unclean stuff that he had seen here and there all about him, except that down there, in the damp gloom of the canyon, where the sun never reached to sweeten the earth, the fungus grew to giant size, a porous pulp sprawling and trailing from rock to rock and groping up the cliff face. The whole valley was full of it, and did something unknown live in its tangled masses? If so, it must be something loathsome.

At all events, he did not wish to find out while here alone, so he rose, but again his thoughts veered towards the dragon of gold, and his eyes turned in that direction. He must form some idea as to the visible spread of it. The leads were uncountable, but he might arrive at a rough estimate. He must go back for another examination, but as he set his feet to go, he heard a soft sigh overhead, like a human sigh. He glanced up to take count of the heavens, which in the gloom of earth he had hitherto forgotten, and there he beheld a spectacle he would never forget.

Thus, scarcely had Dan made his ambush, when there was a sickening crash on the terrace just beyond among those bleached remains. At first he could not make out what had fallen, for the thing never stirred, then he saw that it was his pack-pony, and he understood. They had driven her out and over—so it was her they were hunting. That immense gathering he had seen in the sky was attracted by the living horse, not by the puny man on the shelf five hundred feet below. Perhaps they had not even noticed him, and if not, he could thank his stars.

Scarcely had the pony landed, when down they came with a roar of wings, toppling through space, till the air around was dark with them. They gathered in a struggling mass over the dead beast, they crowded along the edge ahead, they dotted the open terrace like grotesque old men, as they awaited their turns. From where he lay Dan, shooting into the brown, could have killed or wounded several with every shot, but Dan lay deadly still, scarcely daring to breathe. When darkness fell, the ravenous army would dismiss, and with luck dawn would find him well out of the danger zone.

So Dan lay and watched that seething mob, pressed in shoulder to shoulder, while more and ever more were alighting on those that fed, till at times they were three deep over the hidden hulk. When one rose, gorged or shouldered out, another would fall into its place, and ere long the whole terrace ahead was moving with those which had fed, and were resting ere they fed again.

But night was coming on quickly, and as the darkness deepened, the din and swish of wings subsided. The eagles were drifting off one by one, and presently Dan saw for the first time something dark flit across the cave mouth—something the size of a pigeon, though it flew with erratic, fluttering flight. He just saw it dart past, but in a moment it darted back, circling and wheeling—a bat, a large bat, mottled and blotched with grey and white like that poisonous fungus that grew in the canyon depths.

For a moment Dan's heart stood still, for he had heard the Indians speak of the mottled vampire bat, whose bite is almost as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. He had put it down as Indian legend, and indeed as a legend it lived among the remote tribes—a tribe of the accursed, who, growing too powerful, mocked the great God of the Mountains, and so were turned into an army of vampire bats, which haunt certain forbidden places and live in strange trees, which are also accursed. The trees:—were they the lichen-like growth that filled the valley depths below?

Thus, as though in a dream, Dan Sinclair lay and stared, while the darkness closed upon that eerie scene like the closing of a door. The eagles had now disappeared, save those which were so gorged that they could not fly, and in front of him lay what remained of the horse—a half-stripped mass of bones, peering whitely from the tattered wreckage. Then up, up, the bats came, up from the unknown gloom below, where human feet had never trod and probably never would tread. More and more, till it dazzled the eyes to watch them, crossing and criss-crossing in their flight, numberless as a swarm of locusts. They were silent, mute, but the fetid, musky scent of them filled the air, and now and then, as one flew close, Dan saw that they had evilly human little faces, and humanly evil little eyes, and that as they flew, they turned their heads from side to side, alertly watching and searching. The hiss of their wings filled the air like the hiss of a deluge, then, as though at a given signal from their leader, the whole army pitched, and in an instant the air was clear.

NOT for a second did Dan realize what had happened, then the horror of it sent him shuddering lower in his den. It was the screaming of the eagles—those which remained, too gorged to fly, perhaps a dozen of them arrayed along the shelf-edge. He saw the frenzied flapping of their wings, saw the

Continued on page 48

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept
free from corns

MARY EATON'S Famous Feet

"My idea of a queer fad is to cultivate corns . . . when Blue-jay is as easy to get as a druggist's cheery smile." So writes Mary Eaton, star of Broadway's musical comedy hit, "The Five O'Clock Girl."

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THE new
Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE
WAY TO END A CORN



Everyday Duds for the Young Folks



6181. Blouse and Trousers may be made of the same material if desired, or the Blouse may be of linen, cambrie, Madras or Indian head, and the Trousers of drill, cheviot, jersey or flannel.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. To make the Suit for a 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard for the Blouse and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the Trousers of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6182. The new cotton prints are very attractive for this model. One may also use crepe or pongee, gingham or linen.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 3, and 4 years. A 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material, together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing panel, collar, cuffs and pocket facings.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6174. Silk crepe, crepe de chine, voile or chiffon are materials suitable for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the Dress as shown in the large view for a 12 year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27 inch lining and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material. Without the bertha $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6175. Capes are most popular this season, as part of an ensemble and also as a separate top garment. This attractive model may be made of tweed satin, crepe or pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44 inch material cut crosswise or lengthwise, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material cut lengthwise, for a 14 year size.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6179. This charming model may be developed in printed and plain silk or cotton material, as well as in sheer crepe or jersey. It may be finished with long or short sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the Dress for a 10 year size with long sleeves, will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide. If made with short sleeves $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards will be required, and the contrasting material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Prairie Winds

By Mary Matheson

Here are the clean winds, the wild winds,
the west winds,
Nimble-footed, fleet winds that rush along
the grass,
All the sturdy, green blades that fain would
rise up proudly
Bow before the west winds—the young
winds that pass.

Heavy-footed south winds, hot winds at
noonday,
Haltingly they come along, aged, and with
a sigh,
Bronzing the prairie with dull and sombre
colors
Blighting the lilac buds as they stumble by.

Light winds, white winds, stirring all the
treetops,
Coming from the northlands touching
blossoms rare
Brushing all the twilight from the moon's
face
Gossamer their wings are, silver-sheen
their hair.

But, O, I love the little winds that wander
with the sunrise,
Loitering and whispering, so merry in
their play,
Mischief-loving, teasing, summer odors
spilling,
That tip up all the rose-cups, then laugh
and run away.

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*Kotex is the only sanitary napkin that deodorizes with scientific accuracy. This ends an important fear — that of offense to others.

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feminine hygiene

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- 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection;
- 3—*Deodorizes**—safely, thoroughly, by a new patented process;
- 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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TORONTO MONTREAL QUEBEC

The Skeleton's Shelf

Continued from page 46

great birds fighting wildly, as one by one they toppled over the edge and down into space, and ere the last was gone, he saw that it was covered with grey mottled bodies—the bats, with wings outspread, clinging to it as they bore it down.

Chilled with horror, Dan's eyes wandered back to the remains of the dead horse, and it, too, was covered with struggling forms, fighting for a hold, two and three deep, like the eagles of a few minutes ago, and now he saw that more bats were coming up—more and yet more, flashing up and down the valley, far and near. Skywards the air was dark with them, falling and rising and wheeling above the feast, like autumn leaves in a cyclone, and Dan understood. Not by the eagles had his predecessors died, but by this poisonous host rising from the fungus depths of the forbidden gulch, and as he lay there, the thumping of his own heart frightened him. He was as yet undiscovered, but if they found him—!

My stars! There was a whistle of wings above his head. It came and went and came again! The thing had scented him, was searching for him! He felt its evil presence hovering above, but dare not turn his face to look. He felt its evil little eyes, peering from the strangely human face, peering down at him, searching for him. Then down it came, and he felt it clap upon his arm.

Dan beat it off in a frenzy of loathing and terror, but it returned to the attack with the instant fury of a hornet. It struck his sleeve and clung there, and his right hand clutched it—clutched with the grip of a frenzied man. In an instant the evil little life was crushed out, before, indeed, the creature could utter any sound, and Dan tossed it from him into the open. He saw it rolling with outstretched wings till it came to rest, and as it did so, another bat caught it up and bore it off, to be mobbed instantly by others of its kind. They fell to earth in a struggling heap, but in thirty seconds they were gone—of the dead bat nothing was left!

Dan was struck by the ravenous ferocity of the things, but now it was so dark that he could not see, and he lay in the clutches of fear—listening to the whistle of wings, fancying now that they were poised over his head again, at times striking out wildly as he thought something touched him, alighted upon him. At length the moon came out, and—there they still were, the air full of them the remains of the cayuse creeping as before. One by one he had edged the stones over his body, covering himself as best he could, and cold and fatigue and fear were mercifully dulling

his senses. Maybe he slept, for the sudden realization came to him that dawn was near. In the ghastly light he searched the plateau—no, the bats were gone. Opposite him lay a skeleton form, but nothing moved about it. Only the sickly, musky taint remained, and now was his chance—now or never. Now, while the bats were gone, and before the great birds of prey returned.

So Dan crept from his hiding, but not to be beaten, he went over to the dump-heap of quartz sample, and filled his pack. He might need those samples, though it had never occurred to him as yet that the world without would perhaps not believe his yarn. To him it was still grimly real, and close against the rocks, he began to edge away, his eyes watching, dreading. Absolute silence reigned—the silence of the ocean's depths, not a living thing from skyline to skyline. He passed the dead pony, rather, what had been such; now there remained nothing of it save a heap of bones as cleanly picked as burnished ivory. He shuddered as he realized that but for that pony the eagles would have descended upon him, and even if he could have fought them off, they would assuredly have betrayed him to the bats—a host there was no fighting. Like many another foolhardy adventurer, Dan owed his life to his pony. His luck had been better than that of those who had gone before him, and whose remains he now left lying upon the shelf.

But how, indeed, could a man wrestle the mastery of such a place from the countless horde which held it, evolved through the course of time along with the grey rocks and the blotched and creeping fungus? Are there still regions man cannot win, and treasures he may not take.

AT A certain stopping-off place back in Colorado, a white-haired man is running a uniquely prosperous turkey ranch—laying aside his dollars year by year to equip a great expedition. It will be a costly expedition, for it is to include a heavy bombing plane to pour first a deluge of poisonous gas into a fungus-ridden canyon, then later to drop incendiary bombs to fire the fungus. He will have to finance the expedition himself, for people are somewhat incredulous towards his story. They prefer to regard him as having suffered from one-man fever, to write him off as "hug-house," so his friends are trying hard to persuade him to stick to turkeys. But Dan Sinclair will have none of it, and if, indeed, there is not some adequate reason, why has he never returned to the place from which he hacked those wonderful quartz samples?

Latest News From Movieland

MARY PICKFORD, who is enroute back to Hollywood from Italy, will follow "My Best Girl" with a comedy-drama embracing the humor and pathos of that film and "Little Annie Rooney." Mary Pickford's "My Best Girl" achieved greater box office success than any film ever made by that producer-star.

Norma Talmadge has completed "The Woman Disputed," a film version of Denison Clift's stage play. Gilbert Roland is leading man and others in the cast are Olga Baklanova, Boris de Fes, and Gustaf Von Seyffertitz. On the Austro-Russian border two men love a woman of questionable social rank and when the war comes the friends fight for her.

Gloria Swanson's successor to the enormously remunerative "Sadie Thompson" will be "The Swamp," an original story to be directed by Eric Von Stroheim, author of the tale. The locale is German East Africa.

Dolores Del Rio will be starred in "Revenge." Edwin Carewe, director of "Resurrection" and "Ramona," is making this version of Konrad Bercovici's short story, "The Bear-Tamer's Daughter." Finis Fox adapted. Leroy Mason, a virtual unknown, is leading man.

Vilma Banky becomes a star in her own right, after five co-featured and co-starring films with Ronald Colman, when Samuel Goldwyn presents her in "The

Awakening," an original story by Francis Marion. This is a modern story of Alsace-Lorraine and the awakening of a girl's love-life. Victor Fleming directing from Carey Wilson's adaptation. Louis Wolheim and Walter Byron, Goldwyn's new English "find," are in the cast. Movietone song by Irving Berlin composed especially for this picture. Hugo Reisenfeld will score the picture in movietone. The film is now in production.

Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights" is seen on the boulevard, in cafes and night clubs, among high livers and "low lifes" as himself. The new Chaplin picture enters production within two weeks. Merna Kennedy and Harry Crocker in the cast. It is an original story, written, acted and directed by Mr. Chaplin with movietone of a song by Irving Berlin being considered by Mr. Chaplin.

Douglas Fairbanks will be seen in an as yet untitled sequel to his film of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." No director or leading lady selected. The story will be an original one based on various accounts of the later days of d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis.

David Wark Griffith has completed for 1928 the release "The Battle of the Sexes," a modern drama, based on the motive that "the sex battle is forever being fought but never won." Jean

Continued on page 50



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Federated Women's Institutes

Manitoba Annual Convention

THE Home and the Child provided the theme for the programme of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Manitoba Women's Institutes held at the Manitoba Agricultural College, June 12-14. In arranging the programme, the committee was influenced by the suggestion that an increase of better homes would result in a decrease in community problems.

Mrs. W. H. T. Peake, Provincial President, assisted by Mrs. David Watt, presided throughout the Convention. In the President's address, Mrs. Peake put forth a plea for a better understanding of the children and their problems, thereby promoting a higher standard of family life.

Miss Mabel Finch brought greetings to the Convention from the U.F.W.M. She contributed to the theme of the Convention with an inspired talk on the building of better homes.

Health, as an important contributing factor to the successful home, was given a prominent place on the programme. "The Health of the Child" was discussed by Miss Elizabeth Russell of the Department of Health and Public Welfare. Miss Russell outlined the services offered by the Department of Health and the way in which Institutes may make these services available for their own communities.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Chief, Division of Child Welfare, Ottawa, was most enthusiastically welcomed to the Convention. In her address on "Maternal Mortality," she told of the campaign being carried on by her Department and others, to save the Mothers of Canada. She suggested various means by which the Institutes may assist in this great work.

Prof. F. W. Kerr, of Manitoba College, provided a special treat for the Convention when he delivered two excellent addresses on "Discipline in Early Years" and "Adolescence Problems." Prof. Kerr spoke of the problems and difficulties which confronted children and young people and suggested psychological methods of guiding them through the critical periods of life.

In the Director's report, Miss Esther Thompson reviewed the work accomplished by the Institutes in the past year. The report showed that Institutes are all interested in community enterprises, health problems and charitable projects. Miss Thompson offered some valuable suggestions and criticisms for making the work even more effective than it has been.

Undoubtedly, one of the most interesting features of the Convention was the development shown through the district reports. The province is divided into eleven districts and up until the present time the district officers have been concerned just with the district conventions. Judging from the reports which were read at the Convention this year, one is led to the conclusion that the conventions have become so well organized that they no longer require the whole time of the district officers. Consequently, we find the districts are fostering new projects which may have far reaching effects on Institute work in the future. Several of the most interesting projects follow. Dauphin District has decided to hold a "Home Craft Exhibit" at their 1929 Convention. Manitou district is going to have a Musical Festival. Rossburn and Boissevain districts have interested themselves particularly in matters pertaining to public health. The district organizations are surely coming into their own as a result of the initiative and energy of the district officers.

As a new Standing Committee, that of the League of Nations, was formed last year, it was fitting that an address on "The League and the Optional Clause" should be given at the Convention this year. Mrs. J. S. Woodsworth dealt very ably with the subject.

Mrs. Victoria Williams spoke on "The Canadian Handicrafts Guild," a branch of which has recently been organized in Winnipeg. This proved to be a very interesting talk as it was accompanied by a Handicraft Exhibit and a demonstration of weaving by Miss Metza Anderson.

Continued on page 53

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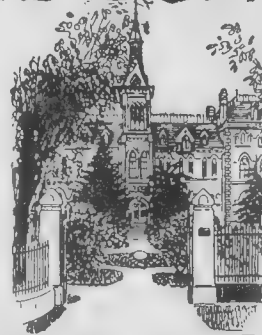
School re-opens Autumn Term, Sept. 12th. Day Girls Sept. 13th.

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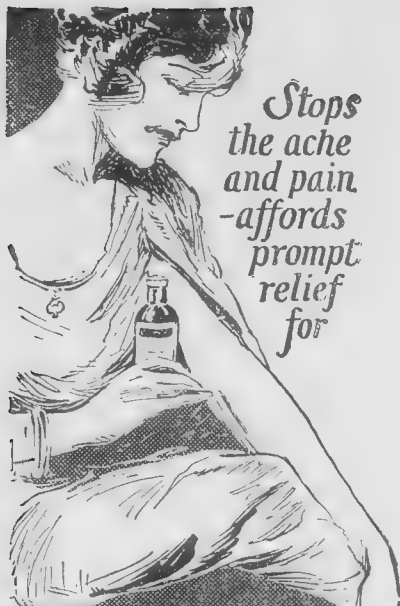
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The Magnificent Gesture

Continued from page 8

magnificent carpet and past the tents which had awaited all in vain for the ceremonial meeting of the world's greatest living warrior, now changed for the moment into an impetuous lover.

Thus it was that Napoleon and his young bride came to the Castle of Compeigne.

BUT facing the palace and circling all about it stood a forest, a great wall of dense greenery that in solid ranks came up to the very windows of the mighty structure. As far as the eye could see it extended. Over the hill it climbed and dropped beyond the horizon line a mile away, upon which stretch of landscape the great windows of the chamber of Marie Louise looked out. And this unyielding mass of greenery, shutting off all outlook, closing around like a dark mantle, queerly depressed the child from Austria. Sitting in her immense chamber and resting after her ride that afternoon of her arrival, she gave way to sadness as she looked out upon the forest. If only that wall of trees were not before her! She longed for an open space, a vista, a stately lane between the aisles of the forest, just such a one as she had looked upon from the window of her home in Austria. And Marie-Louise, being young and candid, and not a little pleased by her husband's reception, sitting there staring out upon the tremendous barrier of elm and oak, maple, charm, birch and beech and plane, voiced her depression to the Emperor, expressed her regret that there was no break in that mass of greenery.

Napoleon heard her in silence. But by and by, before she had retired to rest, he slipped quietly away, and soon was in conference with several of his generals. About the castle at the time were mustered some three thousand men. Long before the sun had waned, this army marched upon the side of the forest farthest from the castle carrying, instead of guns, axes and saws, and picks and shovels. Night came, a night fortunately with a glowing moon near to fullness. And all through the hours while the bright moon shone, and through the hours of dawn and until the sun came up over the edge of the trees, the army worked with a fury born of the command of the Emperor that the work must be concluded before the Empress arose and first looked out her window.

Such a gigantic task; such a task as only Napoleon would have conceived of accomplishing in such a limited time!

Doubtless on the following morning the maids in waiting had orders to delay as long as possible the drawing back of the curtains from the great windows of Marie Louise's chamber that looked upon the forest. But when they did, and the

Empress rose to gaze upon her second days are the first lady of all France she gave a little cry of unbelieving wonder. Then she ran to the window to quite assure herself her eyes did not deceive her. But no! This was reality she looked upon! A spacious alley some two hundred feet wide now ran through the forest where but last evening had been close-standing trees. Over the hill the alley climbed, dropping beyond the horizon, framing a vista of sky and distant plain, a scene resembling a dream-like painting under the morning sun.

Such was Napoleon's magnificent gesture to the love that had been awakened in his heart.

Today it stretches, this alley between the trees, just as upon that miraculous night when it was hewn out from the forest so swiftly at the Emperor's command. More beautiful it is today, because the grass is green on the sloping sweep of ground that drops away from the same window out of which Marie Louise once looked.

Seeing this "Alley Beaumont" as it is called today, the visitor is led to muse upon those dramatic happenings of Napoleon's life following quickly the coming of his bride to Compeigne. During four years of fleeting happiness Napoleon continued to surround Marie Louise with every attention and mark of love. For years he nursed the illusion of being greatly loved by the so-young Empress. Between his wife and his son, who greatly resembled him, he forgot his worries caused by wars and treasons. He snatched for a brief time forgetfulness in the sense of fatherhood and home. Even when at last the whole of Europe turned to crush him; in those hours on the battlefield when he fought defending the soil of his country with thirty thousand men against a vastly outnumbering army, he wrote: "Keep the Empress amused. She will be dying of loneliness."

But even his magnificent gesture of the Alley of the Beaumont; even his thoughtfulness as expressed in the above lines could not hold the heart of his wife of another land. Just as he was abandoned by his friends, by his generals, by the men he had heaped riches and position upon, so was he abandoned by his wife. After his fall in 1814, Marie Louise hurried with her son to the palace of her father in Austria, and Napoleon never saw either of them again.

But today visitors to Europe have in the Alley of the Beaumont an unfading vista as memorial of perhaps the greatest lover's token in all history; perhaps the only one of such of the past which has not changed in its arresting beauty.

Latest News From Movieland

Continued from page 48

Hersholt, Phyllis Haver, Belle Bennett, Don Alvarado and Sally O'Neil head the cast. Geritt Lloyd adapted Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman's story.

John Barrymore's "Tempest," in which Camilla Horn and Louis Wolheim also appeared under direction of Sam Taylor, will be distributed internationally in 1928. It is now being shown to capacity in one theatre, The Embassy in New York, at \$2 prices and for an indefinite run.

Ronald Colman becomes an individual star in "The Rescue," based on Joseph Conrad's sea story. Herbert Brenon will direct. Samuel Goldwyn presents in this picture the American screen debut of Lily Damita, French actress who has just arrived in Hollywood.

"Two Lovers," the last film in which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are co-starred, will be distributed nationally in 1928. Fred Niblo directed this Samuel Goldwyn presentation, which is based on the novel "Leatherface," by Baroness Orczy. Noah Beery appears in the cast. "Two Lovers" had a run of eight weeks at \$2 top at the Embassy Theatre in New York.

Buster Keaton and Ernest Torrence in "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," will be seen throughout the world in 1928. Charles (Chuck) Reisner directed from Carl Har-

baugh's story of life on a Mississippi river boat.

Herbert Brenon will produce "Lun-mox," Fannie Hurst's novel, following "Sorrell and Son," in Herbert Brenon's independent productions for United Artists release.

William Boyd and Lupe Velez will be seen and Miss Velez will be heard in "The Love Song," direction of Sam Taylor. Irving Berlin's newest composition, "The Love Song," will be played as the theme and sung by Miss Velez in the Movietone synchronization of this story of the times of Napoleon III. Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, author of the book of "The Miracle," wrote an original screen story, "La Paiva," on which "The Love Song" is based. Hans Kraly adapted.

"Nightstick," the crook play by John Wray, The Nugents, and Elaine Sterne Carrington, will be filmed with Roland West directing from C. Gardner Sullivan's adaptation. Mr. West directed "The Bat."

Rex Ingram's production of "The Three Passions," based on Cosmo Hamilton's new novel, will have Alice Terry, Clare Eames and Ivan Petrovitch in its cast. Mr. Ingram is making part of the picture in his studio at Nice and some exteriors are being filmed in England. The completed film will be of many lands.



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Peppermint Flavor



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Keep a bottle on the shelf.



FRECKLES

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots.
How to Remove Easily

Don't worry another minute about your ugly looking freckles—throw away your "cover ups" and plasters—forget your heart-breaking experiences and failures with clays, new skins and powders. If you will simply get a jar of Othine double strength and apply it night and morning your troubles will disappear along with the unsightly blemishes.

Watch the lighter freckles vanish almost immediately and see how quickly the darker ones begin to disappear under the influence of this magic-like cream. One ounce of this harmless and delightful beautifier is all that is usually needed to completely banish these homely spots and the clear, clean, lovely complexion which results from its use will delight and astonish you. Be sure and ask your druggist for Double Strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

When writing advertisers please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Wild Life Along the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes

Continued from page 9

inch cedar boards — how that good old Herald, Rice Lake canoe has ever stood our wilderness work is beyond me. This one we have used for fifteen years; Laddie is painting it as I write this page, Sept. 18th, 1927; and I bought it in 1912, and, after he rubbed the paint off it we found a perfect bottom, save where river and lake ice, rocks, oxcarts, railway trains, auto trips and portages have criss-crossed its good cedar boards like the tracings on a map. We found very, very few of any kind of cormorants on any back lakes or rivers, in any province in Canada. More go up the St. Lawrence into brackish water, and into Ontario than anywhere else that we have noted.

We were working the Baie de Chaleur and Gaspé country in 1927 and here we met the cry from lessees of the salmon rivers that the cormorants are killing off the young salmon and trout. But we did not meet the men who should have observed each stomach of each slain bird and should have written down a list of the contents. Many of the rivers in New Brunswick, most of them at present, and nearly all of the rivers of Quebec are leased rivers, held by American Lessees. Naturally they will try to protect these waters from all destroyers, and thus they call for new, untried laws to have these birds, and all the loons and grebes and kingfishers, killed off (even shooting them while they are on their eggs) while it is these very birds that are daily protecting these very waters by killing off and feeding on the coarse fishes which always live on young trout and young salmon and many other small fishes in the estuaries. The salmon and trout fishing will be injured if these birds are destroyed. It is cruel to shoot a mother bird protecting her young.

I have before me a pamphlet investigating these complained-of cormorants. 1914—from June 21st on for six weeks. Investigation conducted by Messrs. P. A. Taverner, C. H. Young and F. C. Hennesy for Biological Survey of Canada.

Six weeks intensive work, assisted by local Fisheries Department officers. The double crested cormorants were nesting on top of Perce Rock, 300 feet up in the air. It was estimated 1,000 cormorants were usually on the rock. Also they were found nesting at Gaspé in inaccessible places, several places with 60 to several hundred birds in them. They were seen feeding during the daytime in the estuaries of the rivers which here empty into Gaspé Bay, right up to the head of the basin. Every standing pile in the river's mouth held cormorants every day digesting their fishy meals and drying their insufficient wings. Hundreds of these birds passed in and fed and passed out each day. If they each ate a pound and a half of fish per day, as they did by the stomachs weighed, they would eat some 45 tons each season — May to September, eating this right out of the mouths of the celebrated salmon rivers adown which the young salmon run and up which the fish go from the seas to be caught on the artificial flies of the American fishermen. Right here was a place to see just how many salmon and trout this host of seabirds ate.

The lessees were paying bounties to the fishermen who killed off the big birds. Twenty-five cents each for cormorants, kingfishers, sheldrakes and divers, and \$2.00 for a kingfisher's nest with the female bird. Now remember, all the little salmon (Parr) and the bigger salmon of one pound weight, and a bit over, pass through or live in and feed about these estuaries on their way to the sea, and all the brook trout (S.f.) go out and feed through and return — miracle of miracles—as so-called "Sea-trout." So all our good investigators had to do was to kill a few dozen cormorants and right there, in their stomachs would be proof; guilty things caught with the goods on

them—but were they?—not much! Listen! They were actually living on the coarse fish (which destroy the young of salmon and trout)—sculpins, eels, flounders, tommycod, etc. These Department men, used to all manners of investigations to prove to us often unappreciative Canadians the conditions of our flora and fauna, found just this: The evidence was that the cormorants rarely ascended above the tidehead (where of course there would be only young of salmon and of trout, save a few coarse fishes). Not a single sign of the remains of any trout or any salmon were found in any of the stomachs of the cormorants killed and examined.

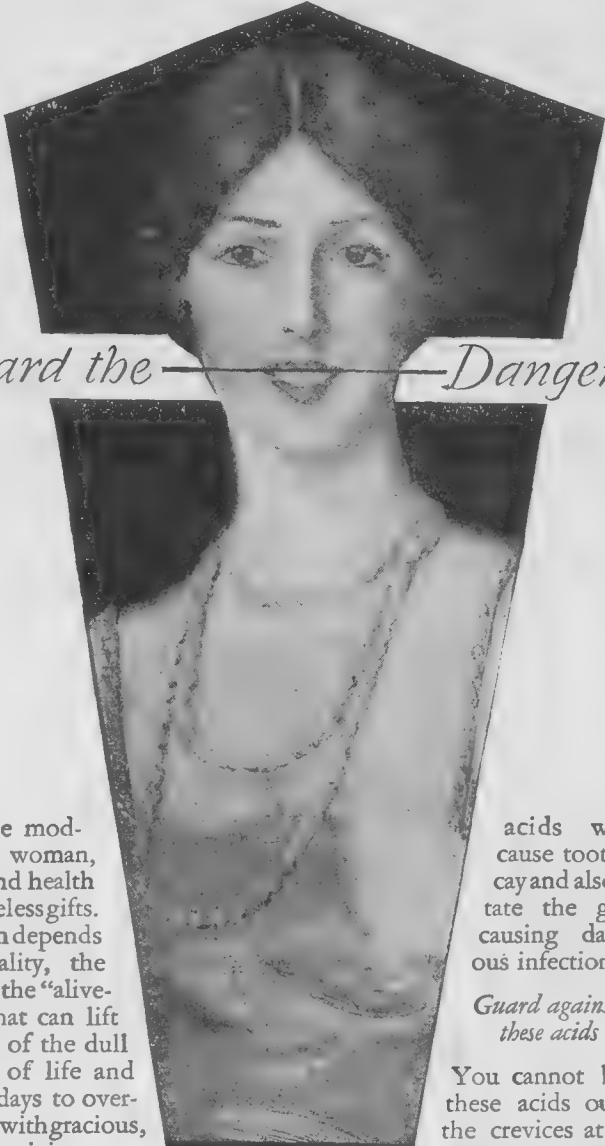
Salmon also were found to be increasing in numbers. It grieves me to think that in any part of Canada any of our wild birds can be killed on their nests, as in the case here, year after year, legally too, while they are innocent of the crimes charged against them.

AS I sit here and look out over the Tabusintac River and the flats that lie before my window desk I am astonished at the numbers of the double-crested cormorants which have arrived. Laddie, who had been doing the work out on the beaches off the river's mouth estimated there were about 2,000 cormorants there Sept. 1st. We saw about 1,500 nesting on top of Perce Rock this summer, in June. As they lay about 4 eggs each, and fully half the mass would be nesting females (I am not sure that the male bird helps in the nest-work yet) that would make about 5,000 cormorants from that one breeding ground alone. When we know that they breed all along this Atlantic coast from Maine away up through the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and onto the northern shores of the Gulf, I suppose it was safe to say there are scores of thousands of these filthy-nesting, slow-flying, fish-feeding birds, all southbound now on the annual migration.

Today some thousands are feeding along this Tabusintac shore and several hundreds are in the bay in front of the window. Laddie is crouched on the wind-bitten point hoping they will feed closely enough for a picture. They simply crowd along over the flats, a dipping, diving, splashing, flapping host, and drive the schools of bait-fish before them, gudgeons, "mummy-chubs," yes, and commercially valuable smelt, and catch up and gobble them down. Today I think they are after the first run of smelt, and they are carefully combing a space of two miles by one as thoroughly as you ever saw a flock of mighty birds do it. Now they are accompanied by a flight of squealing, hovering herring-gulls which seek to snatch their prey out of the long hooked bills. We all turned down the claim of the American lessees of the rivers that these birds were injuring the trout and salmon fishing (although we permit them to kill many birds even in the nesting season). We know that they do not go onto the grounds where these game fishes frequent and an examination of many bodies of cormorants showed no trout or salmon contents. It will always be best for guests of these provinces, English and American, to let the Canadians attend to all these matters, as it arouses bitter feelings along the coast when the bay and coastwise fishermen, who also claim they are injured by the big black birds, are prevented from killing them and the wardens in the leased rivers are allowed to do so. Just as soon as the Canadian authorities are convinced by actual returns of stomachs containing game fish remains that the cormorants should be thinned down all interested Canadians will plan a campaign to thin out these hosts which the M.B.C.A. has tried to protect and in doing so may have let them increase unnecessarily. So far in my life's work I have not found the cormorant unduly destructive.

Youth and Health are priceless gifts

Protect them now



Guard the ————— Danger Line

To the modern woman, youth and health are priceless gifts. On them depends the vitality, the energy, the "aliveness" that can lift her out of the dull routine of life and fill her days to overflowing with gracious, joyous, activity.

acids which cause tooth decay and also irritate the gums, causing dangerous infections.

Guard against these acids

You cannot brush these acids out of the crevices at The Danger Line. So you must use a dentifrice that can neutralize them. So, countless men and women are turning to Squibb's Dental Cream because it is made with more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—a safe, effective antacid. Particles of the Milk of Magnesia remain in the crevices along The Danger Line for a considerable period and neutralize dangerous acids as they form.

In addition, Squibb's Dental Cream is mild, non-abrasive, non-irritating. It soothes the delicate gum tissues and polishes the enamel, leaving it clean and lustrous. Guard your teeth and gums. Health, youth and beauty may depend upon it. See your dentist regularly. Begin the use of Squibb's Dental Cream today. 45 cents a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada Limited, 468 King Street W., Toronto.

Are you one of these women who knows that it is health which must be guarded if youth and beauty are to be preserved?

Take mouth hygiene, for instance. Doctors and dentists both tell us that premature old age, lack of vitality, tiredness and dangerous diseases also, are developing as the result of decayed teeth and infected gums. But what do we do to guard against this danger? Give our teeth a brushing or two, daily perhaps with some ineffective toothpaste, and dismiss the matter.

Brushing is not enough! And here is the reason. Every time you eat, food particles lodge in the pits on your teeth and in the tiny V-shaped crevice around each tooth formed by the meeting of tooth and gum—The Danger Line. These particles ferment. Acids are formed. It is these

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Mother's Vacation

There is nothing like a change of scenery and habits to rest the tired, excited nerves.

And who more needs a rest than the mother of small children.

Vacation time affords ideal conditions for treatment of the nervous system.

While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to rebuild and reconstruct the wasted nervous energy you can rest and sleep, take pleasant exercise in the sunshine and breathe deeply of the pure, fresh country air.

A few weeks use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food under these conditions will do wonders for you by helping you to entirely get rid of worry, sleeplessness, nervous headaches and other symptoms which come with exhaustion of the nervous system.

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The greatest of nerve restoratives

Good News for the Home Dressmaker

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING and SUMMER 1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.



THE
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Moving Day

Continued from page 13

Mrs. Yiddlebaum, raised to a strained pitch "All over the street my good fadder pillows! By the head yet I go nutty. Mit such kids I wonder I ain't got it grey hair. Ain't it enough Benny should bust four plates and your poppa fall downstairs mit a mirror round his neck? Right away put them things back!"

And issuing from the open doorway of Woldenstein's Grocery, Don't Ask for Credit, the voice of Sol Yiddlebaum speaking poignantly to his brother-in-law at the tailor-shop, via phone. It is no exaggeration to say you could have heard him a block away:

"Louie! Listen, Louie! Are you listening? Nu, I'm talking. Louie, from the heart I ask you did you see it a receipt from the coal, yes? Eh? Vell, I can't find it. Eh? Sure they're dunning me. I ain't going to pay them blood-suckers twice, am I? Look in the desk, Louie. Nu, look again. Eh? Look in the bottom drawer, then. It's a liddle piece of paper, Louie, blue mit twenty-two dullars wrote on it and signed by me already. Troubles I got enough without I should lose me a coal-receipt, ain't it?"

Out on the street, the curb chorus was a medley of sounds:

"Momma, can I go over and play with Mannie till the van comes? Can I, Momma?"

"Sadie, you come right in off the street and go to bed! You hear me?"

"Leah, help me give a shake to these curtains. No, Benny, darling, you couldn't have a cone. Tomorrow maybe. Esther, take these here milk-bottles over to Mrs. Gobel's und tell her—"

"Hey! Outa the way, fellers! Here comes another car." (this from a member of the impromptu baseball team.)

"Mrs. Schnittkind! Mrs. Schnittkind! If the baby hollers much longer you believe me it's colic. Take a red pepper, split him open and tie around his stomach, Mrs. Schnittkind, mit a flannel bandage. Eh? The doctor? Save yourself two dullars, Mrs. Schnittkind, und do like I'm telling you—"

Mr. Yiddlebaum, who had been running about like a particularly lively cricket, emerged from the house presently, weighted down with several lengths of stove-pipe, a phonograph, a small table minus one leg, a large picture-frame, and a coil of clothesline rope.

"Ain't there no signs of them loafers yet?" he inquired, pantingly, stopping to peer up and down the street.

He was a crushed-looking little man with a five-days' growth of beard, mild dark eyes that blinked short-sightedly from behind silver-rimmed glasses, and a derby hat on the back of his head. His wife regarded him for a moment in silence, her eye ranging over the varied assortment of articles he carried. Then she spoke.

"Did you shook out them pipes or are they full from soot yet?" she inquired anxiously. "Und what's that you got wrapped up in my good Scotch-plaid skirt? Such a man. Worsen yet than the kids!" She snatched at the garment with a sharp cry of anguish. "Oi, gevalt! Look! What—"

"Nu, Rebecca, it's only some fish-tackle and a few nails," he said soothingly.

Mrs. Yiddlebaum had had much to strain her good-nature—just one emotional experience after another all day long. With upthrown hands and loud lamentations she began a protracted harangue on the subject of her husband's shortcomings as an assistant-housewife and amateur mover, he attempting at intervals, but unsuccessfully, to break in upon her shrill torrent. They stood there, ringed about with a little circle of interested listeners, for possibly ten minutes, and then came an interruption.

Abie, the eldest son of the house, who had been seated a-top the tallest pile of household goods playing a mouth organ, slid suddenly to earth bringing with him a mattress, two wash-boilers, a plush rocking-chair, a large crockery soup tureen, a basket of phonograph records, and two curtain poles. His mother clutched her head in her hands and moaned.

"Gottsolhimmel!" she cried, "crazy I'll go yet."

She demanded that someone bring her the strap, but this useful article not being at the moment available she seized a broom and chased her first-born down the street with loud threats and a determination that, however, was unequal to her blood-pressure. Valiantly she sought to gain upon him, to reach him by subterfuge, dodging around push-carts and cutting across the street-traffic at imminent risk of her neck, but always he outwitted her. Finally she brought up short at a fresh outcry from behind her.

"Come quick back, Mrs. Yiddlebaum!" an excited neighbor was shrieking. "Your Becky, she's smothering to death!"

A roll of floor covering, linoleum, lay underneath a great heap of heavy and bulky articles and the adventurous Becky had crawled into this fascinating hidey-hole head-first and couldn't get out again.

What to do? Apparently the only thing to do was catch her by the heels and pull. Her smothered wailing was punctuated by agonized screams from the throats of all the women present as one after another and sometimes half-a-dozen at once clutched the child's feet and jerked. Her shoes came off, her stockings followed and still Becky herself failed to budge. So Solie got a butcher knife and worked his way carefully into the heart of the pyramid of furniture, cut the cord that bound the roll. The imprisoned elf wriggled out to the air again, and she was speedily taken across the maternal knee and "given something to holler for."

After this there were only a few minor mishaps, such as Benny cutting himself with a broken bottle and Abie setting fire to a can of kerosene, and then at last the van arrived.

EXCITEMENT now broke out anew and the air was filled with renewed farewells and Baldwin street dust; with the shrill cries of children calling out their good-byes and shouted orders of the van-men. Moving, you perceive, isn't just a matter of taking things out of one house and putting them in another. Nothing so simple as that—at least not with our friends the Yiddlebaums. Transferring themselves and their effects was something in the way of a ritual, a solemn business demanding expert attention to detail and a prayerful consideration of the future. Others, particularly those who made a practice of pulling up stakes every year, might treat a moving as a casual incident in their lives, if they liked, not so the Yiddlebaum family.

"Sol, quick, come and lift here the dishes. Vare did he say he put the clock? Oi, he let the basket fall! Dummer!"

"It was you let go the handle! Hey, Ikey, give here a hand by the sewing-machine. Mister Koffelburg, back up a liddle closer. Am I a frog I could jump from here into the van? Hmm! that's better."

"Prayers I'll make for you, Rebecca," declared Mrs. Blitz, affectionately, "every day by the synagogue."

"The baby! Vare's the baby!"—Rebecca spinning around in circles. (The infant, it developed, was in the clothes-hamper, with the cover down.)

"I'm laughing," shrugged the cynical neighbor across the way. "If they get away tonight I'll look for two moons in the sky."

Messrs. Kohen and Koffelberg, it was clear, regarded their task with boredom. More than once had their wagon been loaded here—and then unloaded without having moved from the curb. The Yiddlebaums were an uncertain quantity and long acquaintance with them had induced skepticism.

But they were off this time—no doubt about that. Mrs. Yiddlebaum and her friends had torn themselves apart at last and it was a highly dramatic moment when that lady, sobbing broken-heartedly and kissing her hand to them all, stepped—or rather was hauled up—into the van, where she found a more or less secure seat on a table, holding in one arm the family's principal treasure, and chief objet d'art, a plaster statue of the Venus de Milo, and in the other her

sleeping babe and the cuckoo clock. Sol and three of the children occupied precarious positions on the sofa or the buffet, and the rest of the family regretfully followed by street-car. Whether by accident or some subtle design of Fate the radio at the corner store began to tune in on Tosti's Good-bye as the departing ones moved slowly away. It might have been the last act of a grand opera.

It was, as a matter of fact, a memorable occasion in the hectic, mercurial life of Baldwin Street. Thereafter in many a home events and happenings and business transactions were inseparably associated with this day. One could imagine Mrs. Schuss, for example, saying: "Yes, this dress was a real genuine bargain. I got it—let me see—well sometime just before the Yiddlebaums moved. That day I remember I wore it for the first time." Or perhaps Mr. Woldenstein the grocer searching for a receipted bill and declaring: "I paid it, so help me. I don't remember the date exactly but it was the day them Yiddlebaums moved away."

"Good riddance from bad rubbish," was the sentiment voiced in general up and down Baldwin and contiguous streets.

AND night came down and found reigning there a great and unwonted peace. The Yiddlebaums, while they hadn't precisely "folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away," were gone, nevertheless, and in retrospect it seemed almost that a miracle had occurred. It was possible now to hear the jangle of the trolley cars over on S— Street or to catch the distant echo of the fire-hall clock. When darkness fell from the wings of night, "as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight," the region took on a benign serenity, not to say a dignity, that had long been a stranger to it.

The blank windows of No. X10 gaped forlornly and the Yiddlebaum's cat with feline fidelity to brick-and-mortar remained on the premises, seated on the porch and washing her face in the moonlight. But was she merely running true to cat form in thus sticking to the abandoned house or—did she feel a premonition?

For, some time later, fairly well along toward midnight, the unnatural quiet was broken abruptly. The sound of heavy wheels smote the sweet stillness, and a big rumbling vehicle approached steadily and determinedly and turned into Baldwin. What was this? Already a new family moving in at X10? There were hoarse shouts, the sleepy voices of little children, the wail of a baby, grumbled orders and oaths, the thudding of cumbersome objects on the pavement—and after a time the rumble of the wagon as it moved off again. Baldwin Street sleeps soundly. Those who heard merely rolled over in bed and anathematized the new neighbors for their lack of forethought in selecting such an ungodly hour for their arrival.

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 49

ON Thursday morning the subject of Immigration was brought to the attention of the delegates. Miss Esther Thompson pictured vividly the problems which confront the newcomer to this land. She brought the delegates to a realization of how much a little kindness means to those people and also that this kindness is really their due, since they are invited by our Government to make their homes here.

"Helping the Settlers" was the subject of an address by Mrs. S. E. Gee, Supervisor, Home Branch Land Settlement Board. Mrs. Gee suggested many ways by which institute members could make the pioneering period easier for the new settlers.

The election of representatives to the Advisory Board resulted as follows: Eastern Division, Mrs. W. H. T. Peake, Transcona; Western Division, Mrs. G. E. Simmie, Solsgrith; Southwestern Division, Mrs. C. C. Musgrove, Boissevain; Northern Division, Mrs. Gibson Ritchie, Tummel.

The lighter side of life was not forgotten during the Convention. From the time the delegates were first welcomed to the College by Mrs. W. C. McKilloan till they left Friday night they felt that the College was their home where they might

BUT with the morn—

Baldwin Street arose, stared, rubbed its eyes, stared some more. For, what was this? Was it the evidence of its sight, or a figment of its imagination?

There was Mrs. Yiddlebaum sweeping the steps of number X10 as usual. There was Sol Yiddlebaum, shirt-sleeved and perspiring, tugging and hauling at the furniture that littered the sidewalk and the boulevard and patiently listening to his better-half's orders and admonitions as she instructed him where to deposit this or that and stormed at him for mislaying something else. And the Yiddlebaum offspring were running hither and yon, just as they had yesterday and many yesterdays before that. There was no getting away from the fact—the Yiddlebaums were back.

"Gutenacht! It was only a dream." Thus spake the amazed onlookers, as they watched the familiar scenes—the Yiddlebaums staging their daily domestic comedy-drama.

"Abie! . . . Come help your poppa mit the stove-pipes. Esther, go by Mrs. Gobel's and ask her will she please lend—"

"Mamma, make Miriam gimme a bite of her biscuit."

"Rebecca! Oi, Rebecca! Vill you listen at me? Vare do you want I should put this?"

"Nu, Benny darling, you got to stay by Momma. You can't go over to play at Mannie's."

"Sol! be careful from that good chair. Set it down easy."

"Mamma, can I—?"

"Mamma, make Abie he should stop pinching me."

Oh, unquestionably, the Yiddlebaums were back.

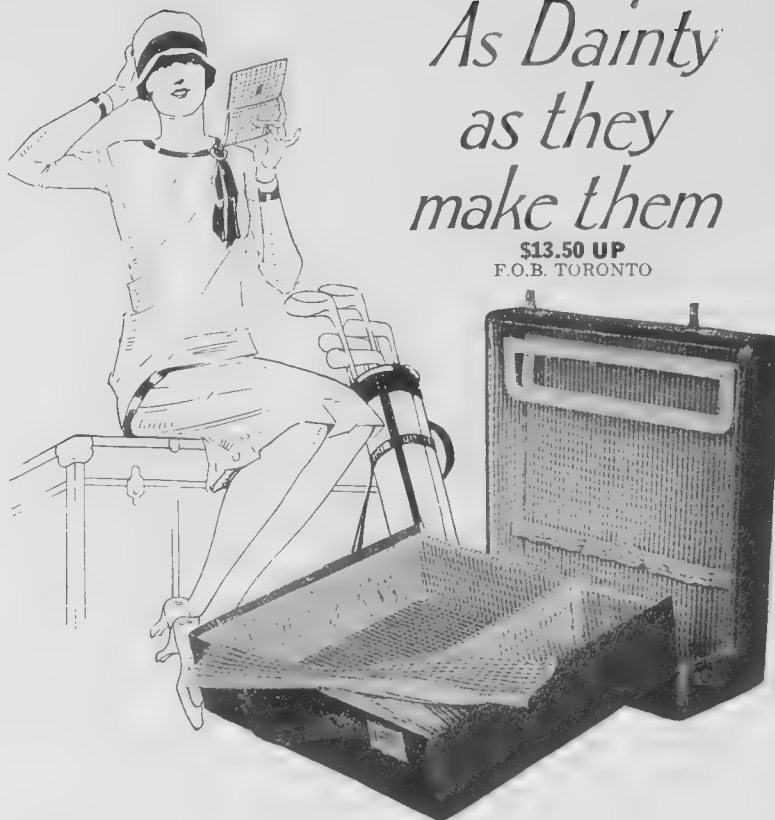
"We couldn't stand prosperity—I seen it right away quick," Mrs. Yiddlebaum explained. Bugs, Mrs. Kushmann. Could you believe it? A leaky cellar, Mrs. Blitz, all the time flooding. No back yard, Mrs. Schuss. Also they told us there was a bathroom, y'understand, and there ain't. I bet they took it out ven they heard we were coming. Nu, good friends, it's fine to be home, I'm telling you."

With her apron she flicked the dust from the phonograph and chose a record at random and put it on.

"Nu, we might as well have some moosic while we got to wolk—ain't it?" she suggested with a smile and a shrug.

The machine rested uncertainly on an empty soap-box, which in turn stood precariously on a dresser that had lost a leg in its recent peregrination, but the equilibrium appeared to be in no wise affected. The record whirled a moment or two in silence, then there was an interlude of scraping and knocking, but finally the thing began to register a tune, at first shakily but gathering confidence as it proceeded. The disc was evidently cracked but the music was supremely soul-satisfying as to sentiment.

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Parliament, Politics and Progress

Continued from page 7

before it in a just manner. In all the deliberations of this committee there was a complete absence of partisan feeling. Its report was unanimous, and its recommendations were adopted by the House of Commons without debate, a tribute to the confidence which all parties felt in the work of the committee.

As a result, important amendments were made to the Pensions Act and the Soldiers' Settlement Act. The insurance scheme will be reopened to returned soldiers for the period of one year and in addition changes of great importance will be made with regard to providing treatment and assistance to those suffering from disabilities and to problem cases. The pension bill of Canada was over \$38,000,000 last year. It will probably be increased by two or three million dollars annually through the implementing of the recommendations of the special committee.

A rather unusual occurrence took place in connection with the Pensions Bill. Although the special committee had held some 47 sessions before making its unanimous report and the House of Commons had been unanimous in adopting the recommendations of the committee, the Senate mutilated the bill considerably. The House of Commons refused to concur in the Senate amendment and the Senate reconsidered its actions with the result that the legislation passed by the Commons was adopted in principle with the exception of two sections and harmony between the two bodies was to some extent restored.

On five occasions the House of Commons has sought to grant pensions under proper safeguards to the widows of members of the forces who were married to them after the appearance of the injury or disease which resulted in their death and finally success has been achieved.

Throughout the session the desire was general that the problems of the returned soldier should be approached in a large and generous manner. We have not yet reached the peak of our financial responsibility to those who suffered loss of earning power or to the dependants of those who gave their lives in noble sacrifice during the Great War. The work of the past session should implement to a considerable extent the pledge which Canada gave to those who enlisted in her service in the hour of need.

NEVER has private legislation fared worse than in the past session. Two important measures affecting the Bell Telephone Company and the Sun Life Assurance Company fell by the wayside, as did a number of public bills introduced by private members. Only a limited time is allotted to legislation of private members and towards the end of the session this is confined to an hour on Tuesdays and Fridays. Under the new rules if the debate on a private bill is interrupted by the expiration of the time allotted to private bills without a vote on it being taken, it goes to the foot of the list, to remain there until the other bills have been called and its turn comes again. It is an easy matter, therefore, to "talk a bill out." Determined opposition can prevent a bill from being passed. This happened to the two bills just mentioned.

Public bills, such as the Divorce Bill, introduced by a private member, have even less chance of being considered, for private bills must always be disposed of first.

A serious problem is presented by the divorce bills. These originate in the Senate and the special committee of the Senate rebels at the work thrown upon them, urging that the investigation that is necessary ought to be performed by the Courts. This year a record in divorce bills was established. The Senate, in order to free Parliament as far as possible from the necessity of dealing with divorce petitions, passed a bill conferring divorce jurisdiction on Ontario, but the bill was never reached by the House of Commons. The Senate has threatened that it will not deal with these bills in the future, but will compel the House of Commons to take over the work. It may be that a special committee on divorce

may have to be established by the House of Commons. What is more likely is the work, insofar as it comes from Ontario, will be transferred to the courts where it belongs.

WHILE Canada has been making amazing progress on the material side, with expanding industries, marvelous mineral development and gaining foreign trade, she has made greater progress in the last decade in the realm of international affairs than ever before. These are yearly becoming of greater importance to her. This year the question came up of the proposed treaty between Great Britain and Egypt, to which Canada refused to be a party. Canada has in her own right been asked to sign the Kellogg treaty and it is worthy of note that the only British Dominions which communicated direct with the United States were Canada and the Irish Free State, the other British Dominions communicating through the British Foreign Office.

Last session an appropriation was passed for the establishment of Canadian legations at France and Tokio, an indication of Canada's growing international importance. The appropriation for Tokio was strongly opposed, Mr. Bennett stigmatizing the proposed embassy as a "bogus representation of nationality." It would be unfortunate if Mr. Bennett should seek to stunt the natural growth of Canada in the realm of external affairs.

Several problems loom on the political horizon. The whole subject of immigration and the workings of the department were studied by the committee on agriculture and colonization, which brought in a report by no means the last word on the subject. It was planned to make the immigration department the subject of special attack; the attack failed but the problem remains unsolved. The subject of unemployment insurance also received special study and will be examined further before any definite decision is arrived at.

The St. Lawrence Waterways problem has been deferred until the respective rights of the Dominion and the provinces over the navigable streams have been determined by the courts. The project seems inevitable. It will be a great boon to the producers of the Middle Western States and the Canadian power possibilities are enormous. It will be largely a power project for Canada and a transportation scheme for the Middle Western States.

A Parliamentary Session is full of interest to those who take an active part in it. Even the private member, whose name seldom appears in Hansard, and to whom the making of a speech is a terrible ordeal, has much to occupy his time if he takes his duties seriously. He has a volume of correspondence to attend to from his constituents; he must keep in touch with the various departments; he serves on committees; he keeps abreast of the topics that are under discussion, and he impresses the needs of his constituency upon the Government. The members to the left of the Speaker are more vocal in the House of Commons; those on the Government side meet in groups and impress their views of various matters on the minister in charge. There is constant communication of this sort between the ministers who are in the public eye and the backbencher, whose name rarely appears in the Press.

Politics has a fascination for those who are seriously engaged in it, whether they regard it as a profession or as a game, and many of the members regard it as a mixture of both, for always at the end of the term, the responsibility to the electors must be met. They decide whether the member shall return to the scene of his activity or inactivity, as the case may be, or whether he shall be returned to the obscurity from which in many instances he came.

Ottawa and Parliament hold the national stage while the session is on. It is a great assembly for it is a cross-section of Canada. All the cross-currents and eddies must meet there: the clash of sectional interests, the contests between groups, the undercurrents of racial

and religious difference, all come together in Parliament. Government of a country such as ours is no easy task. Parliament is the forum of the nation for the discussion of its problems, the school where the lessons of tolerance must be learned, the workshop where the materials are fashioned for the national edifice that is being built.

We have inherited the institution of Parliament from Great Britain; it has stood the test there for centuries and will stand it here in the years to come. Politics is the business of all who have the welfare of Canada at heart. Clean politics preserves the national honor; sound politics makes for national stability and progress. The responsibility for both lies with the electors of Canada.

The Romance of Rachele Mussolini

Continued from page 13

HAVE these amazing freaks of fortune made a "fine lady" of Donna Rachele Mussolini? Assuredly they have. Private studies coupled with the true Italian love of culture have long ago supplanted those two lone years of village schooling as a child. Today Mussolini's wife is a handsome and gracious woman, still on the sunny side of forty. She dresses well, and quite recently had her dark hair bobbed in a very becoming style. Who would ever dream that this stately and illuring Italian dame was once a poor contadina of the Apennine, driving sheep over the hills, with no glimmer of high destiny or of the great world beyond her cabbage-patch horizon?

As for the last act in this vivid drama, at present it consists of interrogation-marks. After Mussolini—what? I am here reminded of yet another benign dictator of the Latin stock: Don Augusta B. Leguia, now "perpetual" president of Peru. He also drew an historic empire out of hopeless political chaos. But his his henchman say of Leguia: "Antes de él—nadie! Y despues él?—Quien sabe?" (:"Before him—Nobody. And after him—Who can say?")

Pansies

By Roberta Edwinna Clare

Oh garden of pansies,
All velvety blue,
With inquisitive faces
Of a golden hue,
Upturned to the smiling sun,
And the falling dew.

Oh dear little children,
From flowery land,
Completing the beauty
For my garden planned.
You're like gay little gypsies,
Of a roving band.

What a pity summer,
Must take you away,
On the edge of her train, when
Comes the end of her stay,
And just where does she take you,
All winter to play?

To some fairy garden,
A' top of the world,
Where the sun shines forever,
On lawns dew-impearled,
Where for joy of returning,
Your pleasures unfurled?

Oh flower of my garden,
If all this be true,
And you go where we mortals
May not go with you,
I'm glad summer remembers,
That I need you too.

My Garden

By Edythe M. Broadfoot

My garden is a lovely place
At evening when the shadows fall;
Like candles in some ancient shrine
The lilies glow beside the wall.

The honeysuckle by the gate
Is much more lovely than by day.
Its perfume is the incense sweet
That rises when the flowers pray.

My garden is a lovely place,
For in the twilight cool and dim,
I feel God's very presence there,
And for awhile I walk with Him.



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Holidays

*Lake and beach and trees and flowers,
It's all so new and funny;
We love to lie, 'neath fleecy sky,
On sand that's warm and sunny.*

*Arms all brown and cheeks all rosy,
Feet as swift as wings,
Muscles hard and tummies hungry,
That's what vacation brings*

Waiting at the Window

*There are two drops of rain,
Waiting on the window-pane.*

*I am waiting here to see
Which the winning one will be.*

*Both of them have different names.
One is John and one is James.*

*All the best and all the worst,
Comes from which of them is first.*

*James has just begun to ooze,
He's the one I want to lose.*

*John is waiting to begin,
He's the one I want to win.*

*James is going slowly on,
Something sort of sticks to John.*

*John is moving off at last,
James is going pretty fast.*

*John is rushing down the pane,
James is going slow again.*

*James has met a sort of smear,
John is getting very near.*

*Is he going fast enough?
(James has found a piece of fluff)*

*John has hurried quickly by,
(James was talking to a fly).*

*John is there and John has won,
Look! I told you! Here's the sun!*

A. A. Milne

(Can't you just see Christopher Robin with his nose close to the window pane watching the two drops? This verse comes from a delightful little book called "Now We Are Six" and all the poems are written for Christopher Robin, the little son of Mr. Milne the playwright and writer. Another book written for this small boy and about him two years ago, was "When We Were Very Young.")

Going Abroad With Bobby Burke

The first thing most of us do after landing in Glasgow, Scotland, unless we have friends we want to see, is to start on a trip through a very wonderful region called The Trossachs. This word originally meant wild or rough and that is what this region really is like. Great wild hills covered with heather, purple pink and white, and lovely. Out cropping boulders of stones, and great beds of coarse fern called bracken. Mountains green to the top with fir trees, and tumbling mountain streams and water falls, lovely lochs (which are lakes without a river flowing into them or from them, they are fed by underground springs deep ravines, and high peaks lost in the mists) this is what the Trossachs are like. You drive through them in great motor cars, you cross the lochs in small launches, you drive part of the way in horse drawn coaches; you have tea with lovely cakes of all kinds, at a quaint Scotch Inn and you listen to wonderful stories told by the driver with a Scotch burr that you can hardly understand. Here are memories of all the heroes of the Scott novels, Lady Ellen and Roderick Dhu and the other well known

Children's Cosy Corner

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"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

names. We are tired with the fresh air and the scenery when we finally reach Edinburgh but, oh, we are never too tired to think it the loveliest of cities. We drive down Princes Street, which has shops on one side and on the other side lovely gardens in which there is a flower clock that really tells the time, and other wonders, and beyond the gardens, standing on a huge rock such as we never see except in the Rocky Mountains, is that old rocky castle filled with history, mystery and all the wonders, Edinburgh Castle. It is like a dream castle there against the sky and inside are whole books of stories. The rooms where the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots lived, and the high window from which the little Prince James was let down 250 feet in a basket to the rocks below that he might be christened by a priest; secret stair cases, dungeons dug deep into the rock, where prisoners lived for years never seeing light of day or getting a breath of outside air; banqueting halls where the Black Douglas feasted; churches, barracks, and last, but not least, a tiny dog cemetery. And now inside these old walls has been erected the most beautiful memorial that has ever been built in memory of the men of the Scotch regiments who fell in the Great War. In this lovely building are the names of every man who fought, and every man who fell while in the service of a Scotch regiment. Every person or thing that took part in the war has a memorial here; the mice that tunneled; the pigeons that carried messages, the horses, the mules, the dogs, even the most humble animals are remembered, and the greatest artists, and the greatest sculptors have been proud to put their work into a building so lovely. I would like you all to try and find something about this Scottish Memorial and read about it. From Edinburgh Castle if you are not too tired, we will walk down a street that has a very grand name, but its grandeur is in name only, for it is called The Royal Mile, but it is a collection of slums such as we never have in our new country. Here in old buildings that once housed the great men of Scotland live the poor and the dirty and the discouraged, and here hundreds of dirty little boys and girls are willing to turn somersaults for you or sing a song or dance for a penny. The Royal Mile ends, though, in lovely Holyrood Castle, and here you find more memories of Sir Walter Scott's books and that sad and beautiful Queen Mary. Here you will even see her work basket, and the chairs she sat in; the little staircase at the foot of which Rizzio was murdered. The rooms are lovely, and very handsomely furnished, and last year the King and Queen stayed in Holyrood while the Memorial was dedicated. There is so much to see in lovely Edinburgh that we might spend many many days there but we must see the home of Sir Walter Scott and the place where he is buried and so we hurry away with many regrets and the next sunny morning start out to drive to Abbotsford, the lovely place that Sir Walter built for himself, with its beautiful gardens, its library of splendid books, its great fireplaces, and wide sunny windows. Not so far away we visit the

ruins of Melrose Abbey where the ivy climbs over broken windows and fallen pillars and arches, and the graves of the old monks are marked by a tiny cross cut in the sod and filled with pebbles. It is a long drive to Dryburgh Abbey, down a long winding country lane, quiet and green and still, that ends in the ruin of another lovely abbey, and here in the only part that is left standing is the tomb of the great Scottish writer and gentleman, the great teller of tales, Sir Walter Scott.

Before we leave bonny Scotland we shall visit one other part of the country, that which is known as Bobby Burns' Scotland. More lovely drives to a prosperous town called Ayr, and here we find the humble cottage where Bobby Burns was born. A tiny place this, with a roof of thatch about three feet thick, and a floor of trodden earth, and tiny rooms and windows. None too comfortable was young Bobby Burns in his boyhood.

Scotland is a lovely land, a land of mists and heather, of kindly people and memories of brave men; a land where you get the most wonderful cakes in the world, and a trip down one of the streets past bake shops fairly makes your mouth water. Such pink and goo-ey icings; such nutty centres, such fruit and general sweetness—oh Scotland is well called The Land o' Cakes.

And then we come to England—and what a thrill that is—for we are coming down through the English Lake District and it would take whole pages to tell you how lovely that is. It is quite different from The Trossachs, just as different as the Rocky Mountains are from a garden. For here all the tiny lakes are edged with grass, and all the tree-filled lanes are bordered with tiny houses and cottages covered with roses; but all around are the soft green hills, and the chime of church bells across the stillness of the tiny lakes is like sweet music. Do you remember that Wordsworth wrote a poem about daffodils? Here are two lines in it that say:

"Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."
Well there is the very field where the daffodils grow that so charmed the English poet, and there is the Wishing Gate he wrote of, and above us in a green lane is Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth lived with Coleridge and, if you pay a shilling you may visit the cottage and see the quaint rooms and the dark and gloomy kitchen and more than all the lovely garden built on a hillside and filled with every beautiful flower. And you may climb the hill up winding paths to a little summer house that perches high up and look down on the cottage and the blue lake below. A place to write poetry in this—a place where many poets have lived and written. The very names make you feel poetical—Grasmere, Windermere, Ambleside, are'n't they lovely names? And out on the lakes there are boats, and people are bathing and swimming, and at night there is dancing on the green. Don't you like the sound of the English Lake District?

And now we must go on, and visit some of the other places in Northern England.

Continued next month



A Fish Story



My Ship

*When I go paddling in the sea
I take my little ship with me.
It sails so very true and fine,
And I am proud that it is mine.
But, Oh, I wish that it could be
Just big enough to carry me!*

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Lottie Schuman of 408-8th Street, Saskatoon, writes a very nice letter which is a little late getting in the paper, but we can't help that, we have to go to print so early. Lottie encloses a little verse which she calls one of her "Castles in Spain." It is very pretty and we are delighted to send Lottie a gold button for it.

THE TREE'S VOICE

O wind playing hide-and-seek,
In the trees on yonder hill
As a mountain plays;
Now loud and deep, now sweet and still.

O wind what would the trees do,
Without you? You are their voice
To make music in their boughs,
To sigh, to sing, to rejoice.

Or to gossip and to nod.
Young maples oft I've seen,
At dawn in the quiet garden,
Decked in gowns of lacy green.

Oh how wise you think you are!
Whispering mysteriously.
Laughing in your elfish glee
Laughing! surely not at me?

Read lots more poetry Lottie, try to keep your verses simple, and some day you may write a lovely thought in a worthy way. I think you have the thoughts, now learn to express them well, and there is no better way of learning than by reading such poets as Bliss Carman, Marjorie Pickthall, and the great men of an earlier day, Tennyson, Longfellow and Keats.

Letters from Melanie Langenhahn of Vermilion, Alta.; Edith Maunder of Port Arthur, and Rita Huston of Puffer, Alta., thanking the Cosy Corner for their Gold Buttons. Rita sent us this riddle:—"What great catastrophe would occur if a black waiter coming in with the Christmas dinner, stubbed his toe and dropped the turkey?—The downfall of Turkey, the overflow of Greece, the breaking up of China and the humiliation of Africa."

Elizabeth Henstridge of Ladstoch, Sask., writes an interesting letter about two big moths she has found with cream, black and red stripes round their bodies. These may belong to the *Cecropia* species or they may be what is known as Swallow Tail Moths. If they are the latter kind, they will have two little points on their wings behind, from which they get their name. Be sure and take part in the "My Treasure Hunt Diary" competition Elizabeth. Nice newsy letters were also received from Jean Dawn, Morrin, Alta.; Evelyn Nixon, Coleville, Sask.; Hilda Pyke, R.R., New Westminster, B.C.; G. T. Oystrik, Box 60, Hamton, Sask.; Frances Dayman, Carmangay, Alta., all of whom would like to hear from other members of the Cosy Corner. Frances sent us a story called Shining Waters and the Humpbacked Pirate, but I am afraid it is not quite good enough—too disconnected. Read plenty of good books, Frances, and then try again. Somebody from Maymont, Sask., sent us a little poem but forgot to sign the name to their letter. Frederick Spencer Squires, 914-9th Ave., E. Calgary (age 12 years), sent in an essay which we publish:—

Paradise

By Fred Spencer Squires

Jesus, from who cometh, kindness, happiness and love, has gone to prepare a beautiful city for those who have not been lifted up into vanity, and who have not sworn deceitfully. This great wonderful city, shall soon be occupied. Those who have faith, and love in their hearts, shall walk through the beautiful gardens, where the tree of life, bears twelve kinds of fruit on its boughs.

And in pools of crystal water, white swans will swim, unafraid of anything. Children will play on the evergreen grass, while the robins, blue-birds and meadow-larks, will sing their happy songs, and the canaries, who were wont to be prisoners on earth, will join in the feathered choir, in a song of freedom. The rare flowers, and the old favorites too, will fill the air with their delightful scent; and strangest of all, the children will stroke the heads of lions. They have no fear, because they are in God's own city.

Oh, Father we ask Thee humbly, for Thy spirit, that we may be filled with kindness and goodness, so that when the gates are opened, we may be fit and ready to enter, we are so apt to forget, and it is so easy to be selfish. Help the little children who cannot read, or seem to

understand, oh Heavenly Father. May we all be ready, when that glorious day cometh.

What's Wrong With This Picture?

Not so good this month children. Five managed to get 13 right and win buttons, and all five (now boys just make a note of this) were girls. What has gone wrong with the boys? The lucky ones were:—Florence A. Smith, Bethune, Sask. Dorothy Keats, Box 128, Redcliff, Alta.; Ida Eickmeyer, Vegreville, Alta.; Vivian June Cowan, 2605-5th Ave. W., Vancouver, B. C.; Betty Graham, Luseland, Sask.

The things actually wrong with the Picture are:—

- Both sides of lamp are not alike.
- Doll has no nose.
- Woman has only one eyebrow
- One side of fireplace has no brick.
- Doll has no hand.
- Chair has only one arm.
- Drapes on one side of fireplace figured—other side plain.
- Alarm clocks do not go on mantles.
- There are two candles on one side of mirror—only one on the other.
- Pencil is too long.
- One pane of glass not blackened.
- Woman's hair is dark and curly on one side, and straight and white on the other.
- Vase on mantle too sharp on bottom to stand.



THERE WAS GRANDMA...

every little gesture and expression
... so much herself... so REAL

"THE film had arrived during the day and when supper was over, Father got out the Kodascope at once. We set up the screen while he put the reel in place, and within two minutes from the time we started, our little home movie performance was in full swing.

"There was Grandma . . . every little gesture and expression . . . so much herself . . . so REAL! We sat spellbound, telling ourselves it was only a picture, restraining the constant impulse to say something to her. It was so difficult for us to realize that she wasn't there in person at all, but that in reality she was a day's journey away from us.

"Father said, 'That's a great film. We must have duplicates made so that we'll have it always!'"

▲ ▲ ▲

Do you know how easy it is to have movies of your own . . . films that you take yourself, and show yourself?

Do you know that thousands are accumulating the most wonderful picture records of their children, their parents and their friends through the medium of the Ciné-Kodak, the camera which actually makes home movies every bit as easy to take as snapshots?



Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras

You press a button and you're taking pictures . . . living pictures. You send the film to us and we do the rest. Your film is developed and returned to you at once . . . and the cost of this service is included in the original price that you pay for the film.

Then, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures on your own silver screen. You are overjoyed to see how well they turn out, and that is the common experience of Ciné-Kodak users. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you. And the result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of all home movie cameras.

Now, when the days are long and the sun is bright and there are so many opportunities for delightful action pictures, is the time to begin. Many a Ciné-Kodak dealer is eager to tell you about home movies, and you'll find him easy to listen to because it's a subject that fascinates. Have him show you some Ciné-Kodak home movies and explain how easily they are made and projected. Meanwhile, we have a booklet on home movies that you ought to read. Send in the coupon.

▲ ▲ ▲

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can make my own movies.

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Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

There are from ten to fourteen mistakes in this picture and a gold button will be awarded to the first two who find the greatest number of mistakes

Do Trees Have Feelings?

Continued from page 16

Now, however, Canada is awakening to the fact, that she should be manufacturing artificial silk—"rayon", herself, and on a large scale at that. She surely has a limitless supply of the necessary raw material right at hand. Companies here and there are organizing for the purpose, pulp and paper mills in many places have, during the last year or two, already included its manufacture; some of the largest mills have taken up chemical research in regard to the utilization of hemlock for the production of cellulose. When the figures for the new year are reported, in regard to the actual quantity of artificial silk Canada has manufactured during the last two years, a big surprise is coming to Canadians. Those who are in close touch with the work claim that inside ten years Canada will be leading the world in the manufacture of rayon, and because of this her forests will have become almost double their present value.

When the Forestry Service of Canada reported that the only economic use for three-eighths of the land area of Canada was in the growing of trees, some people felt glum. "What, no farm-land in all that?" they sighed. But, in view of this new industry, also the wonderful increase in the paper industry, to say nothing of the older and permanent uses

of wood, and those uses still to be developed, it must be heralded as good news that:

If properly protected this three-eighths will guarantee for all time to come the raw material necessary for the manufacture of silk, paper, etc.

The first paper-mill has come to the Prairie Provinces: at Pine Falls, about seventy miles north-east of Winnipeg, on the banks of the Winnipeg River. It is an enormous mill, splendidly equipped with all modern machinery, while about it has been laid out by an expert a model town for a population of 4,000 people. And, of course, the scattered settlers are rejoicing that, as they clear their land, they can dispose of the trees cut away, for pulp-wood to the new mill—what a great boon to the struggling farmers in the wooded districts!

Settlers in the vicinity of the big Abitibi Mill receive one million dollars annually for pulpwood.

Last year (1926) Canada's pulp and paper industry added \$224,000,000 to the country's wealth.

And so the demand for trees! trees! goes on. Canada has not a tree too many. In view of the manufacturing miracles that are taking place in the world today, we are surely justified in hoping that Canada, as a country, may never—"come out of the woods."



Golden Days

HAS any other land such golden days as summer brings to the prairie wheat fields ripening for the harvest? A sea of gold rippling under the west wind, faint lines of green mingling with the bronze and the bronze losing itself in the deep yellow, as the ripples run to some far, unseen shore. A golden glory flooded with sunshine under the blue arch of eternity.

Ourselves and Others

WHEN you are talking with somebody, did you ever stop to think how many people are engaged in the conversation? Of you yourself there are three, namely: you as you see yourself, you as you think the other person sees you and you as the other person really sees you. There may be, indeed, a fourth person: you as you actually are. And in like manner, four of the other person. Eight people engaged in the conversation, instead of merely two. If we could see ourselves as others sometimes see us, we should have trouble in believing it really could be us! A very good guiding rule is to think that others see us exactly as we are and not as we may wish them to see us.

Gold in the Air

GOLD bricks are now being shipped regularly from Central Manitoba Mines to Winnipeg by airplane. There is thus a new sense in which the text "Riches have wings" is true. In our grandparents' time a story of gold carried through the air by flying men would be classed as a fairy tale, with the story about the pot of gold buried at the rainbow's end.

Work and Cheerfulness

IT IS altogether probable, if the entire truth could be known, that nearly all the evils that have plagued humanity have had their origin in the fact that some people have not been sufficiently occupied with the work they had to do, or were without work to do. Certainly human beings were made to work, to will, to produce, not to be idle, but to keep the mind and body occupied. We must each of us discover whatever recipe for happiness we need in addition to work, remembering always that to keep a bright face is a duty not only to ourselves but to our neighbors. But this does not mean the cultivation of artificial cheerfulness. The Philosopher would prefer to have to put up occasionally with sulkiness, or even a little melancholy and gloom, than with continual cheerfulness of the artificial kind, which is wearing.

Life

"WHO KNOWS," said Henry Ford recently, "how much human life may be lengthened before another century is passed"? The question suggests others. Ever since Old Testament days mankind has discussed the value of a long life as compared with a short one. We are still floundering on the edge of the sea of knowledge of the deeper laws of life. When we have so much more of that knowledge and it is brought into operation so widely that human

life is increasingly healthier and longer, will there be more hope and happiness in the world and less doubt, sadness and anxiety? Will health and vigor and length of days lessen the causes of sorrow and regret? There is no profit in day-dreaming over such questions. Now and here we can live as worthily as men and women will ever live. For the aids to the best living are all within. The truest wisdom counts years by life, not life by years.

Judging With Prejudice

MANY people think they are exercising judgment when they are, in fact, expressing prejudice. They utter positive opinions which are not based either on knowledge they have or thinking they have done. The worst thing about indiscriminate judgment is that it has a way of spreading itself. And thus it is that the oftener public men are condemned for insufficient reason, or bad reason, or no reason at all, the less chance there is of distinguishing when they should be condemned for good reason.

As to Silver Linings

WE MAY well believe that Job's comforters were not the first persons to tell somebody suffering affliction that it might be worse. Professing to be able to see the silver lining to the cloud which is casting gloom over somebody else is a practice as ancient, no doubt, as it is easy. But for all that, there is real wisdom in remembering when a cloud of sorrow settles down upon one that the position one is then in is not one from which a silver lining can be seen anyway. That need not prevent our knowing that it is there. Moreover, the worst seldom happens.

In Regard to Russia

IT IS impossible at this distance to make out the truth about Russia. When the Czarist regime was destroyed, the idealists were joyful. The ideal had been achieved. All government had disappeared. Everybody had authority, and nobody had it—and many of the most interesting minds outside the world's psychopathic hospitals were happy. And then the iron rule of the Soviet regime established itself. Things were so bad in the Czarist days that they could hardly be worse. But just how much better are they now?

Important Knowledge

THERE is nothing more distinctive of the present era than the frequency of newspaper and magazine articles by qualified writers on subjects connected with health. We are living in a time in which knowledge is being broadcast; and no knowledge is increasing more than knowledge of the human body and the human mind. Herbert Spencer was right when he wrote as long ago as 1861 that man, in acquiring control of Nature, "including the most marvellous and supreme portion of Nature, which manifests itself in the human being himself," was gaining the knowledge of most worth. "No end to learning," should be the motto for us all.

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WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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De Soto

*Multum pro parvo**

DE SOTO

SIX

WALTER P. CHRYSLER and his associates shortly will announce the latest product of Chrysler engineering genius and Chrysler scientific precision manufacturing—

The De Soto Six.

The public presentation of the De Soto Six will constitute, we believe, an event of the greatest importance to the automobile-using public.

The single fact that the De Soto Six is a creation of the great Chrysler organization is alone enough to make its public appearance a matter of profound interest everywhere.

But in addition, we believe it will be apparent to you at once that nothing so surprisingly beautiful and so unmistakably good as the De Soto, calling for so moderate an investment on the part of the consumer, has yet appeared from any manufacturing source.

The De Soto Six is so consummately new in all respects, so radically in advance of anything previously offered in its field, that we enthusiastically invite your most critical study upon its initial appearance.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION
OF CANADA, LIMITED

{Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited;
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

*Much for little

Ashes of Roses Bourjois

The Perfume of Happiness

Those gay young people whose comings and goings make "Society News", are ardent devotees of Ashes of Roses—that tenderly wistful fragrance that is so utterly different from ordinary scents.

Greedily one's senses respond to its enchantment, finding exquisite pleasure in the feeling of radiant content it brings. Truly is it named "The Perfume of Happiness."

Buy it at the better shops in smart Paris
Flaconettes and in distinguished
Crystal Bottles.

ASHES OF ROSES

FACE POWDERS LIP STICKS ROUGES
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New -
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Bourjois has created a ravishing new
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POWDERS . CREAMS . ROUGES . LIPSTICKS
Ask for them at exclusive shops.

EVAN WILLIAMS "Graduated"
Brings a warm, chestnut tint to dull, or lifeless brown hair.
Six distinct Shampoos—for every need—for every shade of hair. Ask your druggist.
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Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

Sure Way to Get Rid of Blackheads

There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads: that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxine powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

Who has the Spending of 85c in the \$1.00?

The Housewife of Western Canada is known as a careful yet liberal buyer for the household. Products advertised in Western Canada's Only Magazine are as carefully watched by the Publishers and we hope as liberally purchased by our Readers.

What the World is Saying

More Non-slip Devices Needed

A non-slip pavement grating has been introduced by a Pittsburgh manufacturer. Now if someone would introduce a non-slip pedestrian or garter.—Milwaukee Journal.

Safe to Say, They Didn't Wear Kilts

We see where a rink of Chinamen—four of them—took part in the Saskatoon bonspiel. Well, so long as they leave the bagpipes alone we suppose we will have to put up with it.—Regina Post.

A Shock with a Depressing Effect

Beauty specialists say that the operation of lifting a face is comparatively simple. Probably the hardest part is keeping it lifted when the bill comes in.—Tampa Tribune.

One More Eye Would Be Better

A scientist in New Zealand has discovered a three-eyed lizard. It is said that the little fellow can cross the street in comparative safety.—Detroit News.

An Item in the Chicago Count

Another apparently unconsidered trifle in the Chicago count is 17,000 divorce cases now pending in the courts.—Montreal Devoir.

A Daughter of Eve Presides

The election of a woman as head of the Nova Scotia fruit-growers may be taken as evidence that there is no apple of discord among the producers down by the sea.—Guelph Mercury.

The Confusing Modern Fashions

Boys will be boys, even though they don't look it when they toss their heads backward like a frivolous miss and take the over-grown hair out of their eyes.—Fort Frances Times.

Wasn't Nagged into an Early Grave

A farmer in Poland died recently at the age of 125. The despatch that makes this remarkable statement adds that he had been married for a hundred years, and that his widow is 117 years old.—London Daily Mail.

One Reason Why He Lived So Long

Chauncey Depew, who died in New York recently at the age of ninety-four, was famous for his sense of humor. "But I have never been a practical joker," he said in one of his latest speeches.—Duluth Herald.

When the Printer Made a Slip

The ceremony was preformed by Rev. Thompson. The bride was given in marriage by her father, who looked very pretty in a dress of white beaded georgette with silk bridal-veil.—Kelvington (Sask.) Radio.

A Needed Finishing Touch

A Kansas man has invented a device which brings a car going sixty miles an hour to a dead halt in twenty feet, and is now laboring on another to bring the driver to a complete stop in less than forty.—Detroit News.

Why Not Tune In on Station WJAZZ

Hawaii reports having heard Toronto on the radio. We can hear the Hawaiian maiden clad in the traditional grass murmuring to her affinity, "Why pick that up?"—Hamilton Spectator.

A Doubting Editor

We can't remember that a single prediction that the world would end on a certain date ever came true. And so we are inclined to doubt the prophecy of a seer in Tennessee that the end of the world is to come next summer. Humboldt Journal.

When Is a Person Not a Person

Will the well-known signs, "Persons Trespassing on This Property Will Be Prosecuted" be restricted in their application hereafter, now that the Supreme Court of Canada has decided that women are not admissible to the Senate, because they are not "persons."—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Hardly Very Likely

Still, it isn't likely that there'll be very general imitation of that San Francisco lawyer who left money to reimburse clients who had lost by taking his advice.—Kansas City Star.

"Don't"

A Pittsburgh woman who yearns to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, has written the Falls police asking for advice. The latter should not be difficult to supply.—Buffalo Express.

A Fair Warning from Ottawa

A yawn which dislocated his jaws caused the death of a man in New York the other day. This might be taken as a timely warning by visitors to our House of Commons.—Ottawa Journal.

Or His Blood Pressure Taken

A correspondent on the women's page wants to know what is to be done about a squeak in his cork leg. Obviously the first thing is to have his teeth X-rayed.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

They Will Say "Honk, Honk!"

A military writer says that the cavalry of the future will be mounted not on horses but in armored cars. But the armored cars will not be able, like the war horse as described in the Book of Job, to say "Ha, Ha!" to the trumpets, amid the shouting of the captains and the tumult.—London Express.

Editorial Cynicism

Very probably the good mosquitoes which a French politician says should be introduced to drive out bad ones will turn out to be like other reform parties when they get into power.—Quebec Soleil.

A Lady Legislator's Birthdays

Women who enter public life are denied the sex prerogative of minimizing the number of their birthdays. Printed records show that Miss Agnes Macphail, M.P., passed her thirty-eighth milestone last month, a fact that does not worry Agnes.—Regina Post.

The Reason Why

The reason why women, as has been declared by the Supreme Court, are not eligible for appointment to the Senate because they are not "persons" within the meaning of the British North America Act is that when that Act was framed women were at work, as usual, but were not in politics as they are now.—Quebec Telegraph.

Manitoba Mining Is Cheerful

A personal item in the Barstow (California) Times says: "Bill Jarrett has just returned to Barstow from the Death Valley country. Bill worked for six weeks on the graveyard shift for the Corpse Mining company in the Coffin mine located in Dead Man's Canyon in Funeral Range at the edge of Death Valley. Bill is leaving next week for a prospecting trip to the Devil's Playground in Hell's Half Acre." Mining up here in northern Manitoba is vastly more cheerful than that.—The Pas Herald.

Don't Thwart "Self-expression"

A professor steps out to say "the small child should not be restrained from giving definiteness to his vague and undefined movements." The idea seems to be to give the infant a potato masher and a china closet, and shut your eyes.—Montreal Gazette.

A Bill That Must Be Paid

Sir Harry Poland whose death took place very recently, was one of the greatest criminal lawyers of his time. There is one dictum of his which is still well remembered in the London courts, and is a good summary of the law on the question of drink as an excuse for crime: "If a man commits a crime when he is drunk, he is here to pay for it when he is sober."—London Times.



The **ART** of Making Children Like What's "Good for Them"

Some easily-followed suggestions that mothers are finding especially effective—cereal foods in unique combinations that appeal to the children



Children can't resist Puffed Rice with sliced bananas and rich milk

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent or more of children who ordinarily don't take to cereals will eat this kind . . . and love them! They think they're confections. But you know they are essential grain foods, offered enticingly to tempt childish appetites.

Quaker Puffed Wheat (containing over 20% of bran) and Quaker Puffed Rice, are different from any other cereals known. They taste different—look different—are different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They crunch in the mouth like crispy toast. They have a flavor so enticing and delicious that children revel in them.

And that meets the modern idea of diet. They start by tempting the appetite. And foods that tempt digest better. No more coaxing to eat cereals.

Each grain of these unique foods is steam puffed to 8 times normal size. Then oven-crisped. Every food cell is thus broken to make digestion easy and assimilation quick. No other foods in all the world enjoy this steam-puffing process.

Serve with milk or half-and-half, and thus add further nutrition and important vitamins. Give as tidbits between meals. Serve as the ideal children's supper; the ideal adult breakfast and luncheon; and, too, as a bedtime snack that will not interfere with restful sleep.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Serve a peach with Puffed Wheat, add the full rich juice and cream



Prunes have new allure served with crisp Puffed Wheat and rich milk



A baked apple, with all its syrup, with Puffed Rice and milk is good

Make Certain of a Better, *Warmer* Home—at Mill Cost!

Build a Beautiful ALADDIN—Save Four Profits

Aladdin Homes are constructed precisely as other high class residences. The only difference is that by building the Aladdin way you save four profits—on the lumber, millwork, hardware and paints; you obtain the finest of materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer; you eliminate all waste and so much costly hand labor. You save hundreds of dollars.

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Tacoma

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\$1,483

Including Arctic Construction

Two of the ten Aladdin Homes built at Edmonton by the Hudson's Bay Co., are Tacomas, illustrated here. The Tacoma is a beautiful, warm home, with sheltered verandah and artistic windows. Living Room, Dining Room, Kitchen, two Bedrooms and Bathroom are large and attractive. You have choice of two Floor Plan arrangements, both shown in Aladdin's FREE Plan Book—write for your copy today. The price—only \$1,483—includes Arctic Construction and freight to your station.



Hudson's Bay Company Built Ten

We Pay the Freight

Aladdin Homes

We Want to Send You Names and Addresses of Hundreds of *Delighted* Owners in Western Canada

Before the Hudson's Bay Co. built ten (10) Aladdin Homes at Edmonton their experienced officers had critically inspected many Aladdin Homes and definitely decided that Aladdin gives the greatest home value for the least money. These shrewd business men have shown you the right way to obtain, at a great money saving, a beautiful, enduring home, thoroughly insulated against cold. The Aladdin system of cutting every piece of lumber at the mill to exact size and shape, ready to be nailed in place, saves you heavy costs. You obtain direct the highest grade of lumber and millwork at wholesale mill price. Machine cutting at the mill saves you the cost of hand-sawing by high-priced carpenters on the job, and it is more accurate. You are supplied with all hardware, paint, glass, nails, etc. The cost of the actual erection of your home is reduced fully 30 per cent. Many hundreds of Western Canadians have built beautiful Aladdin Homes. Their letters are proof that Aladdin Homes are the warmest, most attractive and most substantial homes possible to build. We will gladly send you as many of these letters as you may care to see.

Wm. Culbertson of Handel, Sask., Writes:—

"Canadian Aladdin Co.,
April 5, 1928
"My wife and I are very pleased with our new Aladdin Home. We moved into it on November 9th, and it has stood the cold weather test to perfection, at a cost for fuel of \$57.50. We think this is very easy for a nine roomed house, as our little two-roomed house took \$45.50 worth of the same grade of coal. The lumber and all materials were splendid, especially the inside trim. If we had to build again, we would build another Read-Cut Aladdin."

"We are very pleased with our Aladdin Home and receive a great many enquiries regarding it. If I had bought the lumber for my home locally, it would have cost me double as much as I paid you."—(Signed) Mrs. S. Bessant, Wawanesa, Man. March 8th, 1927.

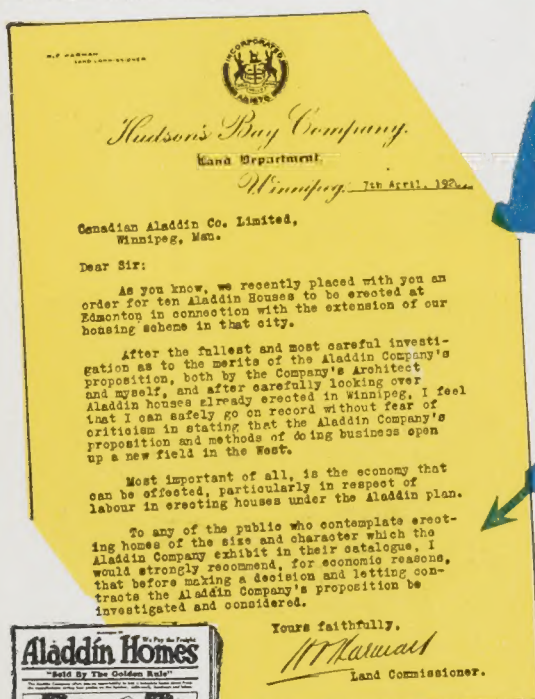
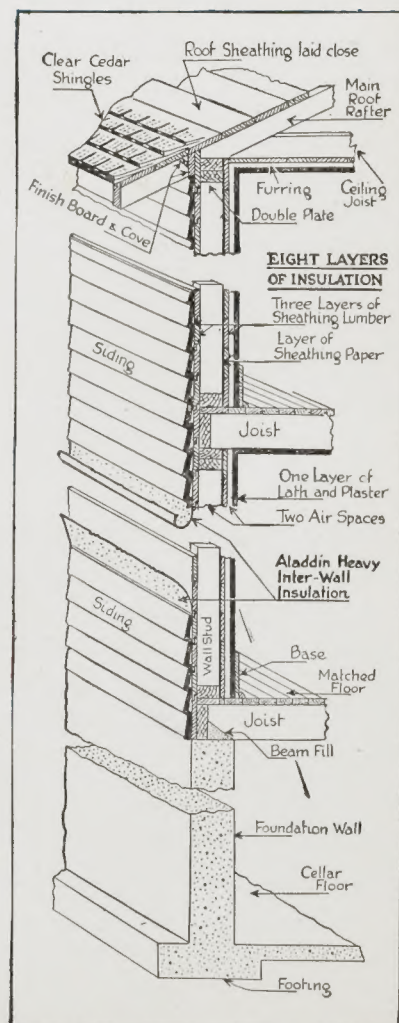
Satisfaction Guaranteed

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